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Poetry.

THE CRANK AND THE PLANK.

Big were his hopes and his head,
And his waist was four-foot round:
The Mugwumps fed on the words he said,
With a voice of raucous sound,
(For a raven's croak he had when he spoke),
And he ran like a Waterbury, wound;
A ponderous Prophet Stuffed, he constantly
kicked and cuffed
At the poor old Tariff—this poor old Prophet!
and blowed and cussed and puffed.

"The party needs Me, but Me,"
He croaked till the world was bored;
"Without G. C. 'twill go to the D."
Perpetually he roared;
"I will consecrate myself to the State,
Till the Tariff's finally floored:
Hurrah for me and defeat, I weigh too much
to retreat,
Give me Eighty-eight over, and another
chance for Grover, encore, if you
please, repeat!"

The Prophet grew and grew
Comically more convex
And was still in a stew and a howdydew
About the sad effects
Of a Tariff (so he talked through his hat)
Was making financial wrecks;
But the poor old Prophet Stuffed was griev-
ously rebuffed,
For he made his party sick and tired, till it
cried out, "Hold, enough!"

'Twas a little joke of Fate,
That his one The Issue waned,
While the issuer's weight struck a 300 gait;
One lost as the other gained,
But he ceased not to warn and blow his
horn,
Though the note got thin and strained.
And at last on a tariff plank, a big but
abandoned crank,
He tossed for a season in the Sea of Soup,
and foundered and plunged and sank.
—[New York Sun.

For The Blade.

IN AUTUMN WOODS.

Who has not walked in autumn wood,
Some fine, fair day of the waning year,
Has Nature missed in loveliest mood,
When arching skies are bright and clear,
Save for the faint, blue veil of haze
That adds imagined charms to real,
Like haloed mem'ries of past days—
Then is the heart empowered to feel
The rapture that with sunshine floods
The autumn woods.

The rare, sweet atmosphere partakes
The buoyancy of Alpine height;
The springing branches' lacing rakes
A tracéd lattice 'gainst the light,
That, sifting down, brings in relief,
In crimson dashes everywhere,
Each changing, fluttering, fallen leaf,
Crisp with the crispness of the air,
Deep-steeped in Nature's blood of bloods,
In autumn woods.

The thorn-tree casts its stony fruit,
The ripening nuts drop thickly down,
The quail pipes shrilly, clear as flute,
From crackling fern-fronds dry and
brown;
The chattering squirrels store and eat,
The timid hares frisk silently,
The wind-blown leaves add music sweet,
And all the myriad voices pay
A tribute to the joy that broods
In autumn woods.
S. ISADORE MINER.

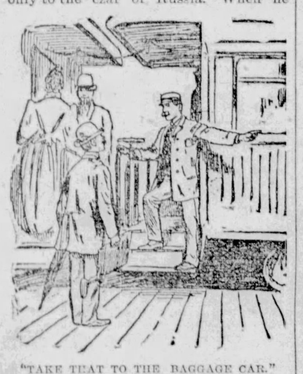
Toledo, October 15.

Miscellany.

Punishing a Puncher.

A Strict Railroad Man and His Inoffensive Passenger—The Man With the Washing-Machine and a Deep-laid Plot.

Among all the great men whose presence on earth makes life tolerable for common, ordinary, homespun humanity, there is none who feels the immensity of his personal grandeur more than the brakeman who stands next in line of promotion on a suburban passenger train—except the same young man when he has just become a conductor. There is a kingly, overpowering majesty in his demeanor, in the far-away glance of his eye, and in the commanding gesture with which he reaches out for the slip of pasteboard by virtue of which the trembling passenger is permitted to exist in his presence, that stamps the newly-crowned suburban conductor as second only to the czar of Russia. When he



"TAKE THAT TO THE BAGGAGE CAR."

opens the door of the car and sternly pronounces the word "Tickets!" let no presuming passenger cough or blow his nose.

About a year ago, more or less, the conductor of a Chicago suburban train resigned in order to go into business. He was succeeded by the majestic young man who had officiated as brakeman.

Under the new management of that train the road continued to do a good business and to declare dividends as usual, though the road-bed seemed to require strengthening and repairing somewhat oftener than formerly. The discipline of the train was enforced, as never before. No passenger was permitted to carry anything with him into the coach, unless it was strictly proper. If he undertook to get on board with a toy baby carriage or a band-box of unusual size he was sternly ordered to take it to the smoking car or wait for the next train. It was even said that a lady who was incautiously exhibiting the photograph of her large Newfoundland dog to a friend one day while on her way to the city on his train was compelled, under the rules regarding dogs, to carry it to the baggage compartment.

One day last July a man carrying a small model of a washing machine started to climb aboard a train on one of its incoming trips. The conductor saw him.

"Take that to the baggage car," he commanded, in a voice of thunder.

The misguided suburbanite began to argue the case.

"I can put it under the seat or up in the——"

"Take it to the baggage car!"

"But——"

The conductor pulled the bell rope. The train moved off, and the man with the washing machine model was left standing at the station gesticulating wildly and turning loose on the heedless air his whole vocabulary of forceful adjectives.

On his first inbound trip the next day the conductor, while collecting tickets as usual, came to a passenger who was too deeply absorbed in his morning paper to note the approach of the imperious official.

"Tickets!" demanded the conductor.

The passenger, still absorbed in his paper, did not seem to hear.

"TICKETS!"

Still no movement on the part of the passenger.

"TICKETS!"

No response.

The conductor reached over and touched him on the shoulder.

In a dazed, surprised way the man looked up.

The conductor recognized him.

He was the man who had tried to bring the model of the washing-machine in the car the day before.

"What do you want?"

"Your ticket, sir!"

"Are you the conductor?"

"I am, sir!"

The passenger fumbled in one pocket and then in another in a slow, leisurely, preoccupied way. At last he found a pocketbook. In an inner compartment was an envelope. Inside of that envelope was another, and inside of that was something else. He slowly brought these things to view one after another, and the innermost object, to uncover which required the unwrapping of several yards of fine tissue-paper, proved to be a commutation ticket.

"Beg pardon," he said, handing it over. "I was so occupied I did not notice you."

The conductor savagely punched out a trip, handed it back, and went on through the car muttering to himself.

Carefully wrapping up the ticket as before, the passenger resumed his reading.

In the afternoon of the same day that same conductor took a train out of the city.

In the last car he found a passenger reclining with his head on the back of the seat and his face covered with his hat, from beneath which came sounds indicative of a man struggling desperately with a nightmare of unusual size and ferocity.

"Tickets!" sharply called out the conductor, punching the sleeping passenger.

A louder snore was the only response. The conductor shook him vigorously and the hat fell from his face.

It was the face of the washing-machine man.

"W-what do you want?" he inquired, opening his eyes and blinking in a bewildered manner at the official who was shaking him.

"I want your ticket!"

"Are—are you the conductor?" he asked, yawning drearily.

"That's what I am! Hurry up!"

The passenger straightened himself up, looked in his hat, felt along the seat, examined each of his pockets in turn, and at last produced a pocketbook that had a familiar look. Opening it he drew out

"TICKETS!"

an envelope, inside of which was another, and the ticket wrapped carefully in yard after yard of tissue paper, was slowly unrolled and handed to the conductor, who by this time was dancing up and down in a towering rage.

"Beg pardon," said the passenger. "I must have been asleep."

The conductor punched out another trip, returned the ticket, ground his teeth and passed on.

The next morning, while all nature was smiling and the landscape was aglow with the fervor of a July sun, whose ardent rays were tempered by our ever-glorious lake breeze, a suburban railway conductor, with a wild, desperate look in his face, was trying to attract the attention of a passenger who sat gazing out of the window, absorbed in thought.

There was something familiar in the appearance of that passenger.

He was the washing machine man.

"Tickets!" thundered the conductor.

No response.

"TICKETS!"

"Speaking to me?"

"Yes! TICKETS!"

"You the conductor?"

"See here! This has gone about far enough! If you play any more monkey business on me I'll——"

"You'll what?"

"I'll show you!"

The washing-machine man, who was nearly as large as the suburban conductor multiplied by two, spoke to the passenger sitting by his side:

"Is this man the conductor?"

"Yes."

"Thanks."

He proceeded to feel in his pockets.

"I wanted to be sure about it," he said in an explanatory way to the conductor. "I haven't a good memory for faces."

The search resulted, after some delay, in the finding of that pocketbook with its complicated and involuted inclosures, and the ticket was procured at last, hunted over, duly punched, and handed back.

This sort of thing has gone on for nearly three months.

Apparently the only object that vindictive washing machine man has in life is to harass and vex the soul of that suburban conductor.

He turns up regularly every day, sometimes in a disguise that prevents his recognition until the conductor is confronted with that horrible pocketbook. He manages invariably to get on the train run by that particular conductor. The unfortunate victim of his systematic vengeance has tried again and again to escape him by changing his run with some other conductor, but in vain. The washing machine man learns of it somehow, and is always on hand, always respectful, always apologetic, but never able to find his ticket inside of five minutes.

The conductor is no longer the same man. His once shapely brown mustache has become ragged and forlorn. Hollows have made their appearance in the cheeks, his voice has grown husky, and his eyes have a hunted look.

He permits passengers to carry step-ladders, hallracks, or anything else they wish aboard his train and makes no protest. Life has become a burden and he wishes through the *Tribune* to ask that washing-machine man for the sake of our common humanity to call it square somewhat oftener than formerly. The discipline of the train was enforced, as never before. No passenger was permitted to carry anything with him into the coach, unless it was strictly proper. If he undertook to get on board with a toy baby carriage or a band-box of unusual size he was sternly ordered to take it to the smoking car or wait for the next train. It was even said that a lady who was incautiously exhibiting the photograph of her large Newfoundland dog to a friend one day while on her way to the city on his train was compelled, under the rules regarding dogs, to carry it to the baggage compartment.

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WAS IT A NARROW ESCAPE?

There were six of us in the railway carriage, and between Paris and Rouen the train ran at tremendous speed to make up lost time. The talk among old travelers fell naturally upon railway speed. One after the other we gave what we deemed strange tales of danger by rail. The last man to furnish a contribution, was a wizzened old fellow, whose twinkling eyes twinkled all the more as horrors were piled upon horrors. With the train running at this speed, such stories made me nervous. A man with a face like his, a sort of dried-up Santa Claus, would surely tell something of a reassuring sort. When opportunity offered, I begged him to off-set these tales of grewsome disaster with some antidote. He mused for a moment and then said:

"I know of one adventure by rail that may interest you gentlemen, although I was not personally concerned in it. It happened to an uncle of mine, an invalid who was returning from Nice to Paris a few years ago. If you remember, the custom was then to change cars at Lyons; the train came to a stop in the Lyons station, and the passengers, after climbing up some twenty steps, found another train ready for Paris. The train by which my uncle traveled was the day express, noted for speed and always in the hands of the best men on the line. As in the case with us at this moment, there had been some time lost through a hot box, and as the train reached the neighborhood of Lyons it was really whizzing along the track. If you know the country at all, you may recall that at the little town of Vienne the line crosses a viaduct over one of the small rivers that empties into the Rhone at that point. For years it has been, and still may be, the custom to 'slow up' when going over this viaduct.

"On that particular morning the day express was sent across the viaduct at a speed which brought most of the old travelers to their feet. Such a thing had never been heard of. My uncle, among others, opened the window of his carriage (the doors were locked), and looked ahead. His carriage was near the front of the train.

"As he raised the window, above the roar of a train going at nearly sixty miles an hour, he heard a shriek of terror come apparently from the locomotive; then another, and a third. He soon discovered that many of the passengers in the car ahead of him were watching the locomotive with blanched faces. What was going on? The fellow-travelers in my uncle's compartment asked the question, but were too frightened to suggest a reply. As another piercing and awful shriek rose above the roar of the train, one of the ladies went into hysterics and another fainted. My uncle asked some one to hold his body while he stretched out and called to some people in the car ahead. As he did so, he saw only too plainly the trouble. The engineer had gone crazy, and was standing over his assistant with a red-hot poker. My uncle caught one glance at the maniac's face as he looked out from his cab in the locomotive and shook his fist in the faces of the terrified passengers. The screams they heard were from the poor wretch of a stoker, whose attempts to get into the cab of the locomotive were repulsed with the red-hot iron, but who struggled notwithstanding some frightful burns upon his hands and chest.

"The stoker knew the danger and so did many of the passengers. My uncle knew perfectly well that the track upon which they were running virtually ended in the river at Lyons. There was a short stone parapet which a train going at sixty miles an hour would make nothing of, and then—the Rhone. There was scarcely time for thought and yet this thought did present itself—that the end was coming, and soon—for already the outskirts of Lyons were rushing by with, it seemed as if the train was going faster than ever. Ever since than day my uncle refuses to ride on fast trains; the speed makes him nervous. In ten minutes Lyons would be reached.

"A shout passed along the train. Who had a gun or a revolver? One of the men in the first passenger carriage offered to shoot the maniac if a revolver could be found. The cry passed from mouth to mouth. There was not a revolver on board. The maniac in the cab seemed to know it, for he bent out and leered with devilish gree, brandishing his enormous poker.

"My uncle swears that they were running at seventy miles an hour. In two minutes the Lyons station would be in sight. Though the train was flying, the passengers could see the panic-stricken look of horror upon the faces of the people along the line. In one minute * * * there was just time to prepare for eternity * * * I beg your pardon gentlemen, this is my station and I was almost carried by! * * *au revoir!*"

And off he jumped. We were too interested in his story to realize for the moment that we had lost its point. We never knew how the old follow's uncle and those other terrified passengers escaped death.

I once ventured to question an officer of the railway company as to the record of any great smash-up in Lyons station ten years ago. He never heard of any disaster of the kind. Perhaps it was not for nothing that the old Santa Claus had a twinkle in his eye.—[Philip G. Hubert, jr., in the Epoch.

HE HAD A COPPER LINED CINCH

But the Grim Rider on the Pale Horse Won the Race.

I have hesitated about giving to print the following true story of a deathbed scene which occurred in this city last winter, says Louis Harrison in the New York *Advertiser*. I had the description directly from the doctor in attendance. He has lately left New York to practice his profession elsewhere, and I am constrained to tell the story just as he described it, suppressing all names

The snow and sleet dashed through the death-chilling atmosphere in wild waves. The wind moaned a dirge among the telegraph wires. A solitary hackman, driven from his seat by the warring elements, had ensconced himself inside his mournful looking vehicle, and tapped upon the frost-covered glass to attract the attention of belated night owls. Winter in its cruelest phase was upon us. In a dingy looking house on Thirtieth street, a young man, weak and emaciated, tossed restlessly upon a bed.

It was a race-track tout, and all the great mental strain he had been subjected to for years in naming sure winners had left him an absolute wreck. His sunken cheeks, his eyes ablaze with fever, and his corpse-like pallar, all denoted that he had but a few short hours to live. A professional nurse, with that cold, hospital-stretcher expression they all possess, sat in a corner of the darkened room and whiled away the time figuring how the undertaker would manage to get the coffin around that narrow turn in the stairs.

The doctor had been summoned, and when he rang the bell the tout waved his bony arms aloft and shrieked: "They're off! Tenny in a walk. Tenny gets all the money, and Salvator won't be one, two, six."

He fell back on the bed exhausted as the doctor entered the room. The physician removed his great coat and the nurse shook the rain and snow from it.

"Doctor, this is a dreadful night, and I suppose you are wet through?"

The tout regained consciousness and muttered: "The track will be heavy tomorrow, and I've got a copper-riveted, lead-pipe, copyrighted, air-tight cinch. Firenzi in the mud—she swims in it—she can make the pace so hot that the track will be dry before she touches the first quarter."

The doctor approached the bed, and, touching the patient's pulse, said: "How do you feel?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied, "just how I feel about this. The Dwyers's stable is next to ours, and they tell me everything. Phil told me that on private trials Blackjack would win in a horrible canter. You see, the party that owns him wants to make a hog killing, and no one knows that he is out for the dust."

Turning to the nurse the doctor inquired: "Have you notified his friends of his condition?" The tout started up and yelled: "Of course I have. I want to let 'em all in on the ground floor. Why, it's a little sure money. I saw him tried at daylight this morning. He made the first quarter in 0:02¼, the second in 0:07, and the third was so fast that it broke my silver watch and loosened three of my teeth. How can he lose it? Why, its just like falling through the roof of a mint."

The doctor looked very serious and said: "He will be dead in an hour." "O, no, he won't," the tout sneered. "There is not a dead one in the hunt. If any of 'em were stiff I'd know it. I tell you Blackjack is full of tobacco sauce, and he'll leave all them other plugs at the post. Why shouldn't he? Do you know his pedigree? Blackjack is out of Derk Lantern, by Blackwell's Island, and he's a born cracker."

The doctor felt his pulse again, and sighed.

"I can do no more; I must be going." The tout caught his arm, and, drawing his head down close the pillow, whispered: "After the Blackjack race meet me in the paddock. If you win I've got to give $5 to the trainer, $25 to the jockey, and $20 to the stable boys. I'll put what's left on the next race, and if the horse wins you're in on it. So meet me in the paddock and I'll cash your ticket."

The doctor took the dying man's hand and said: "My poor boy, are you prepared to meet the great Judge?" The tout gasped, "I don't want to meet the judge; the man I'm after is the starter."

The physician pressed his attenuated hand, and as the moisture gathered in his sympathetic eyes, said: "Now turn your face to the wall, my boy, and go to sleep." "I will," the tout muttered. "I'll get next to the rail, so that when I turn the corner they can't foul me. Here's a tele-gra-m I just received from the owner. There's 50 to 1 on Blackjack; get it quick before they cut it down, I'll win—"

But he didn't. He quit in the stretch and lost by a breath.

SOMETHING SHE FORGOT.

Tragedy of an Elopement; Or, Where Did He Get the Ladder?

(Time, midnight. Place, the shady side of the Billus dwelling. Ladder against side of house. Ardent youth half-way up ladder. Palpitating maiden leaning out of upper window, conversing in agitated whispers with ardent youth. Horses and closed carriage in charge of descreet driver at convenient distance round the corner. Moon disappearing behind friendly clouds. Coast clear. Landscape wrapped in repose. Billus mansion similarly wrapped.)

Bessie (in agony)—Sh, Arthur! Not so loud! Is everything ready?"

Arthur Chugwater (burning with love-like zeal, but unable to keep his teeth from chattering)"Everrthing is —b-b-b-b—ready, dearest! B-b-b-b—come, Bessie! It's ch-ch-ch-chilly, and——"

"Oh, Artnur, I'm afraid!"

"Afraid, d-d-darling? You can't fall. I'll catch you."

"Sh! I dont mean I'm afraid of falling, Arthur, but suppose papa should—"

"Isn't—b-b-b—papa asleep by this time?"

"Yes. I'm sure he's asleep, but suppose he should wake up!"

"Is he—g-g-g—in the habit of waking up at unseemly hours of the night?"

"Oh dear, no! But I—I'm so——"

(Impatiently) "So am I—f-f-f—dearest, and it's getting colder every minute."

(Leaning a little further out) "Are you sure, Arthur, you love me as well as ever.

(Impetuously) "Love you, Bessie? Why—b-b-b-b—Great Scott! I——"

"Sh! Don't whisper so loud, Arthur! Have you got the license?"

"We don't need a—ch-ch-ch—license to get married in Wisconsin. Got your wraps all on Bessie?"

"Yes."

"I havn't! I—b-b-b—left my overcoat in the carriage and it's getting——"

(Uneasily) "O Arthur! I've just happened to think!"

"What is it, dearest.

"Suppose we shouldn't find a minister after we get across the line!"

"Not find a minister? Suffering Moses! Wisconsin is full of preachers!"

"And suppose—hark!"

"What is it?"

"I fancied I heard something!"

It's—it's—b-b-b—one of the horses whinning. Hurry, dearest! The train leaves in half an hour and it will take us nearly twenty minutes to——"

"But, Arthur I'm afraid it isn't right!"

"Bessie, see here——"

"It will just break papa's heart! I know it will! You'll always be good to me, will you, Arthur?"

"Bo-ch-ch—good to you? So help me——"

"Sh! Arthur! Don't swear!"

"Hurry, Bessie, for the love of——"

(Venturing out on the ladder) "Well, Arthur I'm coming. But remember——"

(Assisting her down the ladder) "O yes, I'll remember! Careful now! Steady! There! We're down."

(Clutching his arm wildly) "O, dear! I feel as if I must go back! Where—where is it you say the carriage was? It will break papa's heart and mmama will faint! I know she will!"

(Recklessly) "Let her faint! Come, darling, b-b-b—it's only a short walk to the carriage."

(Wildly) "Must I go! Must I break the heart of an indulgent father and blight the life of a tender mother? Must I leave this cherished home where I have always been——"

"Come, darling!"

"Where I have always been——"

Papa Billus (thrusting his head out fo the upper back window and speaking in a cold, hard, business-like voice)—"Don't forget your trunk, Bessie."—[Chicago Tribune.

THOSE HORRID MEN.

They Always Have Something Mean to Say About Women.

The district assessor was out walking with his wife. "Ah, here comes that fussy old Judge Misery and his tiresome better half. I don't want to meet them." "Quick, then, quick, in here," said his quick-witted wife; and opening an adjacent store door, she hurried the luckless man into a store where the season's dearest bonnets were just being put on sale.—[Fliegende Blaetter.

Seeker: "Do you know, dear boy, that I begin to feel that our mutual friend Grant is getting quite fond of Miss Bluster. Indeed, I have reason to feel that he is her rapt admirer." Meeder: "Don't say! Well, from the location of his arms when I passed them at the gate last night I would say that she was the wrapped member of the party.—[Boston Courier.

A hard-working woman was asked: "Madam, are you a woman suffragist?" "No, sir," was the answer; "I haven't time to be. "Haven't time? Well, if you had the privilege of voting whom would you support?" "The same man I have supported for the last ten years." "And who is that?" "My husband."—[Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.

"Henry asked me to be his wife last night," she told her chum. "Oh, I'm so delighted, Gertrude. And how did it happen?" "Well, he asked me, and I said 'Yes,' and then he just stood up and folded his arms." "What! He was no more interested than that?" "Oh, but you see I was in them when he folded them."—[Philadelphia Times.

"A woman will do almost anything when she is desperate." "You think so?" "I'm sure of it. There is Miss Showoff—she had a row with her fiance on the beach the other day, and she got so mad that she walked deliberately into the water with her bathing suit on and ruined it.—[Detroit Free Press.

She (to Hotspur, who has just proposed)—"Oh, Mr. Hotspur, this is so sudden!" Mr. H. (just graduated)—"Then pardon me, but—I—er—I thought you could stand surprise better than suspense."—[Life.

Mr. Dolley (tenderly)—Miss Scadds, I indulge the hope of some day winning your love." Miss Scadds (shaking her head)—"My friends tell me that you indulge too much, Mr. Dolley."—[Epoch.

The Summer Girl's Fad.

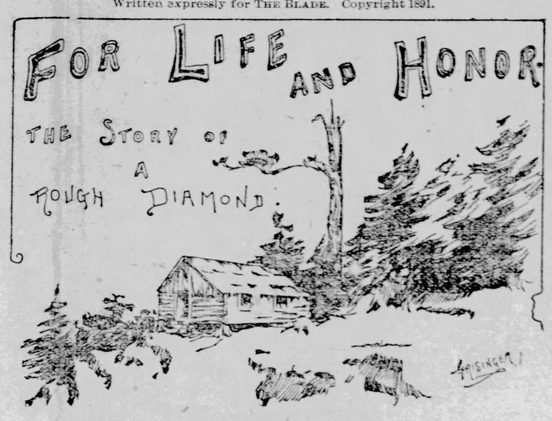
She—Yes, I am very fond of pets.

He—Indeed! What, may I ask, is your favorite animal?

She (frankly) —Man. — [Munsey's Weekly.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for THE BLADE. Copyright 1891.



CHAPTER XII.

KATE AND BILL EXCHANGE CONFIDENCES.

It was evening. The night was dark and stormy. The wind swept by in fierce gusts, now and then bringing an angry dash of rain against the windows of the library of the Vandeveer mansion. Within the scene was homelike and pleasant, if only by the strong contrast with the stormy night. A pleasant fire glowed and sparkled in the grate. At one side was drawn up a huge easy chair, in whose velvet depths Rill was comfortably curled, her head, with its wealth of nut-brown curls, bent over a book, intent upon her to-morrow's lesson. In the colonel's study chair sat Kate, also reading, the brilliant gaslight falling upon her and giving a golden tint to her fair hair.

The monotonous ticking of the bronze clock on the mantel was the only sound that broke the stillness. A wilder gust than any that had yet preceded, shook the windows, and, slightly shivering, Kate glanced from her book and met Rill's upturned gaze.

"It's a fearfully stormy night," said the latter.

"Yes, indeed," was Kate's reply. "I do hope that nobody will come to-night, because I feel like sitting by this bright fire and reading. I do not feel equal to entertaining callers."

"Miss Kate," said Rill, suddenly, "do you believe that the world is round like a ball?"

"Yes," smiled Kate in reply. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, it seems so funny to think that we are whirling round, round and round. I suppose that it must be so, because this book says so; but it's very funny, all the same."

"What is it you are studying, Rill?" inquired Kate.

"Oh, my jography lesson. It's very nice, but there are so mnay queer things in this book. I just do wonder sometimes how Miss Burton can remember all the things that are in all the books. Why, do you know that she has a big book-case just full of books, and I believe that she knows everything from first to last that is in every book in that book-case."

"Very likely she does, Rill," was Kate's reply, "and so will you, after a year or two. You have no idea how much that pretty little head of yours will hold in the way of knowledge."

Rill blushed slightly. "Do you really think that my head's pretty, Miss Kate?"

"Why, of course I do, child, for it is pretty, especially since you keep your hair in such nice or er. But why do you call me Miss Kate?

Rill looked confused; her fingers fumbled in an embarrassed manner around the edges of her book, as she replied:

"Why—you are a young lady—and I'm nothing but a little girl—and Miss Burton says that I ought to say 'miss' to all young ladies."

"And you stand in awe of me because I am a young lady?"

Rill looked shyly up and nodded her head with the air of one making a reluctant confession.

"Come, Rill, this will never do," said Kate, frankly and kindly, rising from her chair and walking over to the young girl's side, "I am only three years older than you, and you must not look on me as a superior being in any way, because I am not. Never mind what Miss Burton says, at least as regards myself. I want you to call me Kate hereafter, just Kate—no 'Miss' before it. Why, Rill, don't you know that you are my sister now? You are to live here just the same as if you were really papa's and mamma's daughter. I never had a sister, Rill, and you are a sweet, lovable, little girl, and I want you to feel toward me as you would toward an older sister."

With these words Kate seated herself on the arm of the chair, and encircling Rill's shoulders with one arm, she took Rill's two little brown hands in hers. Rill blushed, but said nothing.

"Won't you be my little sister, Rill?" said Kate.

The child looked up in her face, love and thankfulness shining in her eyes. Then suddenly she bent her head upon the elder girl's lap and burst into tears.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?"

"I—I—know—I'm foolish, but I can't help it," answered Rill. "I am so happy that I have to cry."

"Then you will really look upon me as your sister?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Rill, fervently.

"And you won't call me Miss Kate any more, will you?"

Rill shook her head shyly.

"Well, what will you call me?"

Rill blushed slightly again, and then, conquering her shyness, she placed her arms about Kate's neck, with the words, "I'll call you sister Kate." And she pressed her cheek against Kate's golden hair.

"That's right, little sister," and returning Rill's embrace, Kate kissed her warmly. "And we will be the best of friends in the world, just as sisters always should be."

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "Do you know I feel just as if something awful was going to happen."

"Why is that?" asked Kate in surprise.

"Why, because I am so very, very happy. I'm too happy for it to last. I know something awful is going to happen, sure."

"Nonsense," laughed Kate.

Just then there came a tap at the door and a servant entered with a card. "Mr. Erastus Clayton!" read Kate, in accents of surprise.

"Yess'um," said the girl who had brought the card. "He asked for you particular, and I showed him into the parlor."

"Very well, I will go down. Where's mamma?"

"She's in her room, Miss."

"And what will you do, little sister?" said Kate, looking kindly at Rill.

"Oh, I'll sit down here and finish my jography lesson."

"Very well. I shall not be long. Finish your lesson as soon as you can, and we will have some music when I come back."

To listen to Kate's performance on the piano was a perfect delight to Rill, and her dark eyes sparkled at the promise.

Had Harry entered the parlor where Mr. Clayton was waiting, he would hardly have recognized that gentleman from the highly colored description of his personal appearance in Kate's letter. He was a tall young man, of slender build, dressed with extreme care in what might be considered the heighth of fashion; but his face had much resolution in it, and altogether, he was a rather pleasant looking young fellow.

Kate had made up her mind as she came down to be rather distant with the young man, in order that he might be induced to cut his call to the barest conventional limits. Mr. Clayton, however, in a perfectly quiet and well bred manner persistently ignored the slight coolness with which he was received, and in a short time Kate, in spite of herself, found herself chatting pleasantly with him.

"How it storms," said Mr. Clayton, as another gust of wind shook the windows.

"It does, indeed, was Kate's reply. "The weather was so inclement that I really did not expect any callers. I did not believe that any one would brave the storm merely for my sake."

"I am glad to find that I have proved to you that your society has charms that caused at least one person to brave the weather," answered Mr. Clayton, lightly. "I must plead guilty to an additional motive, however. I am called to Rosita upon business, and leave in the morning. If you have any command for me, any message to your father or brother, I shall be most happy to be its bearer."

"You are very kind. I have nothing, however, but my love to papa—and if you meet Harry, please say to him for me that I am very anxious to have a full reply to the letter I wrote to him yesterday."

"I shall be pleased to be the bearer of your message," the young man replied, "and hope to deliver it in person to-morrow evening."

There was another ring at the door-bell, and Kate remarked: "It seems that there is some one else who is willing to brave the weather to call here to-night."

In a moment the servant entered to say: "Miss, here's a telegraph boy with a message for you."

Kate stepped into the hall to receipt for the telegram, which she read before returning to the parlor. It was as follows:

"Leave in the morning for business trip. Just answered your letter.

"HARRY."

"Mr. Clayton," said Kate as she rejoined her caller, "I find that half your mission must needs be unfulfilled, as you will see from this telegram which I have just received from Harry," handing it to him as she spoke. The young man glanced over it, and an expression of slight annoyance flitted across his face.

"Some new business trip? Have you any idea how long he will be absent?"

"Not the slightest," was her reply. "Probably the letter which I will receive to-morrow evening will explain matters."

"In fact," responded Mr. Clayton, "the business on which I was going to Rosita depended to some extent upon your brother's presence there, and now that he has left the place I am afraid that my trip had better be postponed until he shall return. May I have the pleasure of calling to-morrow evening in order to ascertain from you when I can go with the expectation of finding him at Rosita?"

Kate, of course, gave an affirmative reply, and after a few minutes the young man made his adieu, and started out to face the storm.

Kate ran up stairs to the library and found Rill still poring over her geography. "Well, Rill, shall we have some music?" said she gaily, as she entered the room.

"Oh, yes, if you please, sister Kate," said the girl, closing the book.

Kate reached out her hand, and Rill stepped at once to her side, and the two girls returned to the parlor, each with her arm about the other's waist. Rill's dark eyes were bright and her face was radiant. She no longer felt like an interloper in the Vandeveer family. Kate's kindly words had removed the sad feeling that had so often weighed upon her, and for once in her life the little mountain girl felt perfectly happy.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON A MISSISSIPPI RIVER HOUSE-BOAT.

When George Tempest next opened his eyes to a knowledge of his surroundings, he found himself lying rolled in a couple of blankets, in a rude bunk. He lay for a few minutes endeavoring to think where he must be. There was a dull, heavy pain in his head, and his memory at first refused to respond.

Gradually he recalled the City of Memphis and the scene which had taken place on her lower deck—the brief struggle, his being forced into the water, and the last glimpse he had of the huge boat forging ahead in the darkness on her way down the river, leaving him to battle alone in the waste of waters that surrounded him.

Then came a blank. He could remember nothing more. Where was he and how came he here? He turned his head slightly so as to command a better view. He was in some sort of strange craft upon the Mississippi, for the gurgling of water was somewhere near, and this told him that he was still afloat. The bunk he occupied was at one side of a rude room or cabin. On the opposite side there was a shelf-like table attached to the wall, on which stood a lamp, whose dim light made the interior not more than half visible. A small stove, two or three boxes which served the purpose of seats, rough garments hanging against the wall, a narrow door at one side and a small window at the other, comprised all the still life within his range of vision. Two men were seated at the table, playing some game with a greasy, dingy pack of cards. George turned still further upon his narrow couch, so as to get a better view of them. The noise he made attracted their attention.

"He's movin,' Bill," said one, picking up the lamp. And the pair approached him.

"Hello, stranger! All right now!" asked the one whom his companion had called Bill.

"I think so," was George's answer, "though my head feels queer. Where am I?"

"Head feels queer, eh?" Here, Jim, pass that bottle to the stranger. A good drink of liquor'll put yer straight mighty quick."

Jim produced from his pocket a flask of liquor. "Here, Bill, lay hold of this lamp." When his companion had done so, Jim drew the cork and proffered the flask to George. "Here, stranger," take a pull at her."

"No, thank you," said George, "I believe I do not need it."

But the two men, who shared the common belief of their class, that whisky is a remedy applicable to an extremely wide range of cases, insisted so strenuously, that George was fain compelled to swallow a few drops of the fiery liquor.

"There, stranger," exclaimed Bill, in tones of satisfaction, as he carefully recorked the bottle and restored it to his pocket. "That's the stuff! That'll fetch you 'round all right in a jiffy. How do you feel now?"

"Better, thank you. I should like to get up."

"All right," said Bill, cheerfully. "Here, Jim, he must have some clothes to put on till his get dry. Hand us a flannel shirt outen your kit, and I'll get him a pair of pants and a coat. They're not much to brag on," he explained to George, "but they're the best we can do, stranger."

With the help of his two rough but kindly friends George was soon arrayed in a suit of clothes which were much the worse for wear, but which were dry and warm. A box was shoved in front of the stove, which contained a fire, and George was assisted th

WEST POINT IN WAR DAYS

CAPTAIN KING'S REMINISCENCES.

Cadet Life—The Entrance, Examinations, and Pranks Played Upon the New Comers—The Court-Martial.

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CHAPTER I.

THE contrast between the life of a "new cadet" at West Point to-day and what it was some thirty years ago is so striking as to form an interesting topic to those who are at all interested in the National Military Academy. To-day the aspirant is not received until the graduating and furlough classes are out of the way. Within twelve hours of his arrival, during which time he is entirely secluded from the battalion itself, his physycal examination is over and done with, and, if passed successfully, he goes the very next day to the mental examination, so that within two, certainly within three days, of his appearance at the Point, he is either admitted or rejected. Very often it happens that the would-be cadet arrives at 9 a. m. and departs on the noon train, rejected; but whether it be three hours or three days, during this brief period of examination he is carefully protected from all possibilities of annoyance at the hands of the "old cadets;" he sees nothing of them except the three or four who are detailed to conduct him to the examination or mess-hall. Night and day an officer of the army is practically on guard over the new comer, and to all that we fellows used to have to undergo he is an entire stranger.

Let me say at once that in the days I speak of—the war days—it was simply impossible to maintain the discipline in

ORDERED TO BE STRIPPED AND "RUN THE GAUNTLET."

the Corps of Cadets that is observed today. Every officer worth his salt wanted to be at the front with his brigade, battalion, battery and squadron. The Military Academy was shortmanded in the days of '61 and '62. Officers were so scarce that many of the cadets themselves were detailed as instructors. Later we had officers in plenty, but, with a few exceptions, they were suffering from such severe wounds that bodily activity was out of the question. When our class reported for duty in June, 1862, the superintendent was a superannuated veteran of the corps of engineers, who rarely left the shadow of his own roof and knew next to nothing of what was going on in the barracks. The commandant and his senior assistant were fine soldiers, but were there on parole, having been captured in Texas, and were only praying for orders announcing their exchange and assignment to field duty. As for the corps itself, there never was a jollier, merrier, more mischief-loving gang of young scamps on the face of the earth than the set that received us with all honors when our meek and lonely lot began to reach the scene.

In those days we were required to report between the 1st and 20th of June. Company D of the corps was moved out of its quarters in the Seventh and Eighth divisions (the Ninth and Tenth had not then been built) and scattered around among the other companies. One of the officers of the tactical department was designated commandment of new cadets; a cadet lieutenant and three corporals, as now, were assigned to duty over the new comers, and a line was traced on the hard barrack area from the angle to the guard-house, inside which all old cadets were forbidden to set foot—an order they observed only when somebody in authority happened to be looking.

As early as the morning of June 1 the "plebes" began to arrive. The soldier sentries at the dock would direct them to the adjutant's office, then in the library building; their names would be recorded; certain questions answered, then a small scamp of a fife or drummer would appear and, singly or by twos and threes, the strangers be directed to follow him, and then the fun began.

No sooner did this little squad of strangers heave in sight of the cadet barracks than the windows of that imposing structure would suddenly swarm with gray-coated forms, and the instant the party got within range down upon their devoted heads came shower after shower of bed-sole buttons, accompanied by the braying of donkeys, the howls and roars of all manner of wild animals and shouts of "Plebe," "Beasts," (candidates were denominated "beasts" in those halcyon days until drilled and in uniform—sometimes until the end of camp). "Turn out your toes, there, Mr. Higginbotham." "Hold up your head, sir. You—that big beast with the straw hat." "Turn the palms of your hands to the front sir, and get that little finger on the seams of your trousers." "Keep step, there, Plebe." "Hep! hep!"

As these days, too, nine-tenths of our membership came from the rural districts, and wore homespun or country-store clothes. What racked the corps to

TEASING A NEWCOMER.

its foundations and called forth all the reserve of ridicule, vituperation and taunt was the arrival of some citified young fellow in swell clothes and a silk hat. The "yearlings"—they who had just finished their own year of meekness and serfdom—would simply go wild over the sight of such a prize, and the instant the drum or bugle sounded release from quarters, down the iron stairways they would rush, and with one accord come leaping and tearing across the barrack yard to "the menagerie," as the "beast quarters" were termed. The officer-in-charge might or might not be in the guard-house. It made little difference. So long as nobody actually laid hands upon the plebes it seemed to be a tacit understanding that the sooner "the conceit was taken out of him" the sooner would the youth be transformed into good material for a soldier. The shy, silent, awkard country boys were "deviled" but little. It was the young swell from college or counting-house who came in for a perfect cyclone of torment. The son of a prominent official or army officer got ten times the deviling that fell to the lot of the plowboy, and no men I ever heard of were so persistently, systematically, scientifically worried, badgered, plagued, teased, extra drilled, and double extra worked as the grandson of the inspector of the academy and the son of one of its most honored and distinguished professors. West Point—everything said of it to the contrary notwithstanding—is democracy intensified. The higher the social standing or connections of the new comer the harder the order through which he was forced.

What did the ordeal consist of? There was practically no guardianship over the candidates in those days. Three times a day they were drilled, and drilled hard, by the corporal or other non-commissioned officer temporarily in charge of the squad of plebes. Woe to the unfortunate recruit who commits the slightest infraction of the often absurd rules laid down by these dreadful martinets. He is instantly ordered to report, and that means a scene. Charges are often trumped up against the poor plebe, as in the following instance:

"How is it, Mr. Ferguson, that you have failed to report to the superintendent of the fourth division? Go at once, sir. Front room, second floor," and the poor fellow, abashed, goes; knocks timidly, finds himself in the august presence of a court martial (seven cadets in blue "furlough" uniforms, false whiskers, etc.) So he is arraigned and tried for insubordination; sentenced to be stripped and "run the gauntlet;" is promptly stripped and suddenly the surgeon of the court discovers a physical defect; one leg is surely shorter than the other; the sentence can not be carried out because a man so maimed is unfit for service. He must mount an iron table and dance to satisfy the court he is physically sound, and dance he does and stands on his head, clambers over the alcove partition, leaps over brooms held higher and higher, and suddenly call to quarters sounds; the court disappears in a twinkling and so do his clothes. The officer of the day, a cadet just about to graduate, inspects the room and is properly shocked to find a cadet—even a new one—without a stitch to his back. "How dare you appear at inspection of quarters in this condition, sir? Dress at once and accompany me to the dark prison." Through the kindly (?) ministrations of neighboring cadets he is speedily dressed. One contributing an old uniform coat three sizes too big, another an old pair of riding trousers three sizes too small, another shoes into either of which he could shove both feet. An old "tar bucket" dress hat is placed on his head; a rusty cavalry saber girt about his waist. "Now go at once, sir, to the presence of the superintendent and plead your case. You are reported absent from your own quarters and off limits in the barracks of Company B. Nothing but prompt measures can save you. Go at once!"

Fancy the sight the poor devil makes as, in this motley garb, followed by the delirious mirth and suppressed plaudits from every corridor in the barracks, he timidly ventures forth upon the plain—thronged with visitors as it is in June—and shapes his course as directed to the superintendent's house. What was done to the persecutors? Nothing! In these days the plebes could rarely recognize them again and, to my knowledge never told when they did. We were "smoked out," physically examined, court-martialed, aroused in the dead of night and marched up the mountain roads and left to find our own way back, had all our clothes stolen after midnight and distributed all over the post, and when reveille sounded we were ordered out clothed like so many Sioux in blankets. We were sent on absurd errands to indignant officials, were badgered, bullied, tormented, laughed and jested at day after day—never told anybody in authority a word about it and lived to grow into a staunch feeling of comradeship for many and many a fellow whom we hated in '63.

But all this is changed.

CHARLES KING, Captain U. S. A.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

KEENEST OF CRITICS.

Some Beautiful Sentiments from the Great German Literatus.

We must forgive much in women, for they love much and also many.

Poverty sits by the cradle of great men and rocks them up to manhood, and is their faithful companion through life.

Round my cradle shimmered the last moon beams of the eighteenth century and the first morning beams of the nineteenth.

The modesty of a woman is a protection to her virtue, more secure than all the robes in the world, however little they may be cut down at the neck.

Matrimony is a high sea for which no compass has yet been invented.

Woman has 30,000 different modes of rendering us miserable to only one way to make us happy.

Only through some manifestation of passion can men gain fame on earth.

Generous nature never entirely disinherits any of her creations.

It is an error to suppose that when women deceive us they have also ceased to love us.—[Heine.

Refurnishing Her Dining-Room.

Mrs. Peter—So you've been refurnishing your dining-room, eh, Mrs. Mixum?

Mrs. Mixim—To a sutten extent yes. Keepin' up the time you know; been puttin' some lambkins on the mantel piece and a druggest under the dining table.—[Boston Courier.

A Regular Nuisance.

Mrs. Bean Monde (at the play)—Am I attracting much attention, Marie?

Her Maid—Half the theater is looking at you, madame.

Mrs. Bean Monde—Only half the theater? Pshaw? those wretched actors are so provoking!

Scrofula

Is more especially than any other a hereditary disease, and for this simple reason: Arising from impure and insufficient blood, the disease locates itself in the lymphatics, which are composed of white tissues; there is a period of foetal life when the whole body consists of white tissues, and therefore the unborn child is especially susceptible to this dreadful disease. But there is a potent remedy for scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels every trace of the disease and gives to the blood the quality and color of health. Get Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"When my boy was two years old he was attacked and suffered a long time with scrofula sores. The physician at length told us to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla, which we did. Two bottles cured him. He is now 10 years old and has not had any sign of scrofula since. We recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all our friends." MRS. E. C. CLIPPER, 8 Kidder St., Cleveland, O.

Entirely Cured My Boy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE FENIAN HEAD CERTRE.

James Stephens, Leader of the "Men of '65."

After but little has been heard of him for twenty years, at this juncture in Irish affairs James Stephens reappears in Dublin. He is now 70 years old, and it is not likely that he will be active in agitation, particularly as there is an indictment for high treason against him in Dublin. The old man lives on an annuity bought for him a few years ago,

JAMES STEPHENS.

and his admirers are trying to raise money wherewith to buy him a house in Dublin. It is needless to say that the head centre of the Fenian movement has no sympathy with Gladstonian Irishmen, and that his intimates among the Irish people are of the more advanced school. The nearest approach to Fenianism now in existence in Ireland is, perhaps, the Young Ireland Society of Dublin, which contends for the policy, identical with that of the organization of which Stephens was the head, which would make open war for the absolute independence of Ireland. It is conjectured that Mr. Stephens may have an understanding with John O'Leary, leader of the Dublin organization.

James Stephens was originally clerk in the office of the railway contractor in the County Tipperary. He was wounded in the rebellion of 1848, but made his escape to Paris, where he earned a living by translating English books into French. In 1855 he returned to Ireland, and the next year, in association with Thomas Clarke Luby, founded Fenianism. He started the Fenian organization in America two years after. In the height of its strength Fenianism is believed to have had as many as 50,000 members in Ireland and possibly three times as many on this side of the Atlantic. Fenianism virtually broke down in 1865 and Stephens was arrested. He escaped from prison a few weeks after. Stephens, who had made his home on the Continent of Europe since the failure of the conspiracy led by him, has visited America three times since 1865, the last time in 1879.

STORY OF A CORNER LOT.

Why Bob Ingersoll Was a Genuine Mourner for Roscoe Conkling.

There was recently sold in a fashionable quarter in the northwestern portion of this city a building lot at $7 per square foot. That tract of land has a history. Part of that history shows why "Bob" Ingersoll was a genuine mourner at the grave of Roscoe Conkling. Many years ago most of us remember Clarke Ingersoll, the brother of Robert G. Ingersoll, a man beloved by all who knew him, and in many respects a different type of man from his eloquent surviving brother. Eben Clarke Ingersoll, once in Congress, was a friend of Roscoe Conkling. That friendship did not end with their lives. In the exciting financial period subsequent to the last great panic Clarke Ingersoll became embarrassed. He was the owner of considerable unimproved real estate in this city, purchased in the midst of a period of speculation. The boom had died with the panic, and Mr. Ingersoll was threatened with ruin, says a correspondent from Washington to the Boston *Journal*. At that time he came to his friend, Roscoe Conkling, and the latter advanced him $30,000 on a second mortgage on this speculative land. The land, if forced to a sale at that time, would not have brought enough to have paid the first mortgage, to say nothing of the second. But Roscoe Conkling loaned the money. He did more than that. Some time afterward Mr. Conkling, as is known here to a few friends, arranged to surrender the notes for that $30,000 loan without consideration. Mr. Ingersoll, and was about to deliver them to him in order that the second mortgage might be released of record the very week that Clarke Ingersoll was so suddenly stricken and died. It was over the grave of that brother that Col. Robert G. Ingersoll delivered that famous funeral oration, in which his heart seemed to gain the victory over his intellect, and in which more than in any other public utterance, the great orator appeared to grasp, hopelessly, perhaps, but in great anguish, for immortality. Long afterward, when the estate of Clarke Ingersoll was fully settled, this transaction with Roscoe Conkling became known. The notes had never been pressed for payment, and they were still in Mr. Conkling's possession. The estate of Eben C. Ingersoll had not been harassed by him. Meanwhile, however, another speculative movement in Washington real estate began. In consequence of this the administrators of E. C. Ingersoll were enabled to sell the unimproved lots in question for enough to pay off both the first and second mortgages, and to leave a handsome sum to the widow. After that Robert G. Ingersoll never spoke of Roscoe Conkling as a "well-dressed sneer."

SOME TURKISH STORIES.

Why the Vulture Lives a Thousand Years and the Stork Only One.

Wherever there are human beings, it matters not of what nationality, there will always be found legends, sayings, customs, signs and tokens, more or less absurd, which have been handed down from generation to generation, and in which the ignorant implicitly believe. The following have been selected from a great number held in veneration in Turkey.

The Vulture and the Stork.—The good God said one day to a vulture and a stork:

"Ask me whatever you wish, and it shall be granted you."

"Let us reflect," said the two birds.

The vulture and the stork took counsel together and decided to ask that they might live for a thousand years. Then they returned to the Lord.

"I wish to live a thousand years," said the vulture.

"And I one year," said the stork by mistake.

God granted these demands, and that is the reason the vulture lives a thousand years and the stork one year.

The New Moon.—When one sees for the first time the new moon he must take a piece of money, look at it for a moment, raise it toward the moon and put it again into his purse. By this means your purse will always be full of money.

Vampires—If a cat enters the chamber where a man lies dying, and passes over his body the man, after death, will become a vampire.

Bread—When one finds a piece of bread which has fallen upon the ground he must take it up, kiss it and put it in a hole. To tread upon a piece of bread is a terrible sin.

The Dog, Cat, Mouse and Grocer—A dog having found a written letter placed it in the care of a cat. The cat hid the letter in a hole. The mouse stole the letter and hid it in a bag. The grocer found the letter and used it to wrap up a piece of cheese.

The dog demanded the letter of the cat. The cat said the mouse had stolen it. The cat requested the mouse to give it back. The mouse said the grocer had taken it to his shop and used it in making up a parcel of cheese. That is the reason the dog pursues the cat for the purpose of reclaiming the letter, the cat runs after the mouse to demand the letter, and the mouse introduces himself into the bags of the grocer for the purpose of finding it.

The King of the Serpents—Chah-Miran is the name of the king of the serpents. When anybody sees a serpent he should say: "In the name of Chah-Miran go far away and hide thyself." The serpent will disappear immediately. Chah-Miran is dead, but the serpents do not know it. Otherwise they would devour the whole human species. The fear of this great king is the only thing which prevent them from destroying all mankind.—[Boston Herald.

USED THEM HIS BLOW-GUN.

Doctor—"Well, my fine little fellow, you have got quite well again. I was sure the pills I left for you would cure you. How did you take them, in water or in cake?"

Boy—"Oh, I used them in my blow-gun."

The little fellow put the nasty, great, griping, old-fashioned pills to a good use. At most, all his internal economy needed was a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules, easy to take, and are gently aperient, or actively cathartic, according to size of dose. As a laxative, only one tiny Pellet is required.

The "Pellets" cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

The "Pellets" are purely vegetable, and operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the cheapest pill, sold by druggists, because they are *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or their price (25 cents a vial) is refunded. Can you ask more?

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to be Faund on the Blade's Book Table.

One of the prettiest stories that has appeared recently for the young people is one entitled "Tim," published by McMillan & Co., New York city. The name of the author is not given, but one who reads it can readily see that his love for children is strong, and also that there is a keen perception of the undercurrent of thought which in many of them influences the life but is not perceived by the majority of people around them. Tim was a boy, whose father, an officer in India, had left him to the care of a nurse until he was seven years old, at which time the father came home to spend the remainder of his days in directing the education of his child. The book follows Tim's experiences at school and thereafter. It is prettily written, and the incidents are all full of interest. Older people will peruse it with as much pleasure as younger ones. The dedication reads: "To her for whose entertainment it was originally written, this story belongs as of right. On the shrine of her deathless memory I lay my little book."

Another book for young people is a very handsome volume, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York city, which has the rather peculiar title of "We All." The author is Octave Thanet. In the first chapter the principal characters are introduced, consisting of a brother and sister, who, with their father, go on a railway station to meet a cousin Cecil, who henceforth occupies a large place in the happenings of their lives. Cecil comes from over the sea to live with his cousins upon a plantation in Arkansas. It is a charming story, as are all of those written by this author, and will make a Christmas present most welcome to any boy or girl.

A very valuable addition to historical works is that brought out by the same publishers entitled, "The History of Modern Civilization." It is the continuation and completion of "The History of Ancient Civilization," published in the same form more than a year ago, and is designed to give to young students and general readers a comprehensive view of the progress of the nations as far as it is known; taking the world as it emerges out of the decay of ancient civilization, carrying it through mediæval barbarism until it comes into the modern and advances to contemporary civilization. The book is well illustrated.

In the Evolution series from D. Appleton & Co., comes No. 9 and 10, the first being "Form and Color in Nature," by Wm. Potts, author of "Evolution of Vegetable Life." The second is "Optics as Related to Evolution," by L. A. W. Alleman, M. D. The latter pamphlet is illustrated.

"The Swiss Republic," by Boyd Winchester, is a volume recently published by J. P. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. It is based upon notes of studies and observations made by the author during four years of diplomatic service in Switzerland, and possessing the accuracy which could be obtained upon the ground where experience would give him a knowledge of what he writes about.

Among the many books published for the approaching holidays is one by the *Century* Co., New York city, entitled "Lady Jane," by Mrs. C. V. Jamison. The story was first published as a serial in *St. Nicholas* Magazine and excited a great deal of enthusiasm among its readers. The little heroine with her pet bird wins the pleasant regards of all who follow her through the incidents related of her home and school life. The book is very prettily bound and is well illustrated. The author lives in New Orleans, and there is much reminding one of the French part of that city.

"Rabbi and Priest" is a story by Milton Goldsmith, which is published by the Jewish Publication Society of America, at Philadelphia, Pa. The story was suggested by the following incident: Towards the end of 1882, there arrived at the old Pennsylvania railroad depot in Philadelphia, several hundred Russian refugees driven away from their own country by government cruelty.

A curious story is told by Grant Allen, entitled "Recalled to Life." It is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York city. It opens with the story of a young girl who describes her first recollection, which curiously enough was a scolding that she had given her when she was 18 years old in her father's house. It was a strange shock of horror that utterly blotted out her past, which became exactly as though it had never been.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, also comes "Abraham Lincoln" an essay by Carl Schurz, which was originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was a review of the history of Nicolay and Hay, and was a very carefully and logically written article which found many readers. The portrait that forms the frontispiece is from the photograph taken before Lincoln's election to the presidency, and it is considered by competent judges as one of the best likenesses of him extant.

Edgar S. Werner, 28 West Twenty-third street, New York City, publishes "Original Recitations With Lesson Talks" by Emma Dunning Banks. The distinguishing characteristics of these recitations is that they were written especially for that purpose.

—The peculiar enervating effect of summer weather is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which "makes the weak strong."

He Knew Different.

Rev. Mr. Miggles—Cheer up, my friend, you must not grieve. Just remember that your wife is in heaven, where there is everlasting peace.

Mr. N. Peck (sadly)—I wish I could think so, but I can't. There may have been peace in heaven before she got there, but you know what sort of a woman she was.—[Bristol, England, Magpie.

Have You Asthma?

You can try Schiffmann's Asthma Cure free of charge. Never fails to give instant relief in worst cases. His method of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 2 cents. Name Toledo BLADE, and send your address for free trial package to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn.

Progress in Medicine.

Gargoyle—"There's been a great improvement in medicine lately. For instance, doctors don't bleed patients as they used to."

Bloobumper—"Don't they! Well, I paid a doctor's bill of $400 only last week."—[Detoit Free Press.

NEW YORK POLICEMEN

VERY 'AUGHTY IN ENGLISH EYES.

Some of Their Ways to Women—Yet Their Gallantry as Seen During a Shopping Opened an English Woman's Eyes.

"I observe," remarked a well-known English gentlewoman the other day to some friends whom she was entertaining at the Victoria Hotel, "that your policemen, letter carriers, conductors and Elevated railroad guards differ materially from our public servants in England. In London, for instance, a lady is reasonably sure to receive courteous treatment at the hands of the policemen, but here they seeem to care little whether a woman can or cannot cross a street safely, get into or out of a car or carriage without stumbling, or succeed in any of the little undertakings which are a part of her shopping or visiting trip.

"Your railroad conductors are, as a rule, the embonniment of good breeding,

"YOU COME ALONG."

but the porters will be polite only when they receive a substantial tip. The letter carriers are in the main courteous, but your street car drivers and conductors are impudent and surly. As for the elevated guards they are tolerable, but there is lots of room for improvement."

An American lady who was present and who had listened carefully to all that her hostess had said, was considerably amused, but she hastened to remove the prejudices of her entertainer.

"My dear Mrs. L.," she said, "you have undoubtedly had a rough experience with our public servants, but let me assure you that you have not seen them under favorable circumstances. It is a truism that it costs nothing to be courteous, and I think that our policemen, at least, behave gallantly."

She then cited several instances to support her assertion, and the English woman expressed a wish to see the ground for herself. The next day, therefore, the three of us—the Englishwoman, the champion of the policemen and the writer for the New York *Recorder* started forth on a shopping tour. At Fifth avenue and Twenty-third streets, we found ourselves on the curbstone waiting an opportunity to cross to the Broadway corner.

"This way, ladies," sounded close at our elbows, and turning, we saw one of the giants of the Broadway squad close beside us. He laid his left hand gently on the Englishwoman's arm, and telling her to follow closely, he raised his right hand. Instantly the progress of teams going both ways was checked. The drivers pulled back quickly, and the horses champed at their bits, but while the guardian of the peace was on the walk there was a clear path devoid of all the elements of danger. A dozen other ladies had followed in our wake, and when we reached the other walk they turned to express their thanks for his attention. He lifted his hat gracefully, bowed, and then piloted another little party of nervous, timid women across the dangerous thoroughfare.

The Englishwoman's face was a study.

"I confess," she said, "that I have never seen gallantry of that kind surpassed in London, but wait and see."

During the next hour we had walked down Broadway as far as Canal street, and at every crosswalk we were assisted to make the passage over safely by the big policemen. In no instance was there a suspicion of roughness. At Canal street we boarded a car and a policeman assisted us up the step.

"Gentlemen, please step aside and let the ladies aboard," said the conductor, at the same time extending his hand to assist us. "Now, if the gentlemen in the front of the car will move a bit there will be room for these ladies." And so we rode to Chambers street. Down that crowded thoroughfare we pushed our way, not without some trouble and inconvenience, owing to the big boxes which lined the walk.

At West street we halted for a moment. Near us we saw a small, frail little woman supporting a babe in her arm, while clutching her skirt, wild-eyed and distressed, was a little girl of four. The woman had a heavy market basket on

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

her left arm and she was vainly trying to discover an opening in the long line of vehicles through which she could pass.

Again the voice of a policeman:

"Excuse me, madam, let me help you," he said.

Lifting the child from her arms he bade her follow close behind. Then grasping the little one from the curb he started across the muddy street. The journey was made safely, the teamsters pulling up and leaving room for the strange procession.

"I am amazed," remarked the English lady.

Back through Chambers we went, across Broadway, down Park row, and up the steps of the Elevated station.

"No need to hurry, ladies," said the platform guard. "The train won't start for two minutes yet."

Up the Bowery and through Third avenue we were whirled. At 14th street the foreigner opened her eyes in amazement when she saw the guard leave his gate, hasten to the middle of the car and then gently support an old gentleman out upon the platform of the station.

At 23d street we alighted and walked through to Fourth avenue. There we witnessed the only inattention on the part of an officer. He was a big fellow, and he stood on the corner with his arms folded. There was an unusual string of veeicles whirling past and the roadway had been frightfully torn up. There was mud—deep, sticky mud—in the trenches between the tracks, and trying to pick her way over to the opposite walk was a well-dressed lady.

She looked appealingly at the policeman, but he never blinked. But a laborer, grimy and dirty, took in the situation at a glance. Carefully placing two cobblestones between the tracks, he gallantly extended his hand and "my lady" reached the curb without soiling her shoes. The Englishwoman smiled a bit, but admitted that because one individual lacked manners the rest of mankind should not be condemned.

The Deaf Will be Glad He is Coming.

It cannot fail to be of interest to many of our readers to know that Mr. H. A. Wales, of Bridgeport, Conn., has agreed to visit Toledo October 28th, and will be at the Burnett. Mr. Wales is the inventor of the Sound Discs, which has attracted such wide-spread attention throughout the civilized world, and to the use of which is largely credited the decrease in deafness shown in the late census.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Horse Lame in Foot.

J. L. H., Morrow county, Oregon: If your horse had ring-bone nothing can be done for him, as after three months the growth is complete and can not be reduced. The contraction would indicate that he is either troubled with corns, or has been foundered. In all cases where a horse is lame in the fore-foot, a searching examination should be made for corns, for locality of which see recent number of THE BLADE. If no corns are found, take of benzine, 1 oz.; salts of nitre, 1 oz.; alcohol, 3 ozs.; aqua ammonia, 2 ozs.; venice turpentine, 8 ozs. Mix, and apply to the edge of the hair, and all over the hoof once a day for ten days, then twice a week for a short time. You do a wise thing by letting the horse out in pasture. The shoes should be taken off.

Hollow Horn.

J. M., Wolfsburg: That which is called by some people hollow horn, is really a diseased condition of the blood, of which the causes are various. Cattle fed constantly on timothy hay, or the exclusive use of one kind of food will cause it; poor or insufficient food, neglect, will bring it on. The way to cure it is to bring the cow out of her debilitated condition, and return her to health. This may be done by feeding a variety of wholesome food, and a course of treatment. A half pound of salts should be given, and afterward a tonic, as sulphate of iron, 2 drachms; powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm; powdered gentian, 1 oz. This quantity daily in dry food or as a drench, for a week. Omit for a week and then repeat.

Incubator Tank.

Mrs. N. M. W. G., Nebraska: No, the tank should not be made of wood. Zinc, tin or iron should be used.

Budding.

L. N., Lenawee county, Mich.: Budding is done most successfully from July to September, when the trees are in their most vigorous growth. The buds should be fully developed and the bud or the end of the shoot, called the terminal bud, perfected. In budding the peaches the terminal bud is the best. The buds are cut smoothly off, a very little of the wood being taken with them. A cut is then made in the stock, in the shape of a T, the bark lifted and the bud slipped under it. The tree should then be tied, leaving only the bud exposed. Bass-wood bark makes the best bandage, but husks or even cloth will answer the purpose. If in two weeks the bud begins to swell, it has taken, and the bandage may be removed. If it has not taken the operation may be tried again the same season, or the stock left over to be grafted in the spring. It is usually best to bud near the ground. When a number of buds are cut at once they should be stripped of their leaves and packed in damp cloths, moss or sawdust, and in a cool cellar several days. If ordered from a distance they should be used as soon as received. The following spring after budding the stock may be cut back.

Jerusalem Artichoke.

M. B., Iowa: The artichoke is a native of Brazil, and the name Jerusalem is a corroption of the Italian word girasole (or sunflower), the blossom of which it closely resembles, except in size. It grows best in moist, loose soil or sandy loam. It is very productive, and easily cultivated in drills, three or four feet apart. Plant in March or April. It grows rapidly and spreads, so that it sometimes becomes a pest. Its nutritious qualities are less than those of the potato. It is an improving crop, as it draws nitrogen from the atmosphere. In this country the artichoke is used both for human and animal food. The roots make good pickle or salad.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Fruit Crop—Spraying.

Reports come to us from orchardists in all parts of the country, of the successful results of spraying young fruit on the trees to prevent the attacks of insects and to destroy the various species of parasitic fungus. One of the most successful and thoroughly proved remedies is a complete one for the codling moth, which some years ago was looked upon as a hopeless destroyer. Sheep and swine came as a partial remedy, and now the misty spray of London purple and Paris green have done the work more completely. The canker worm is more circumscribed in attacks on the foliage of apples trees, but the same remedy has proved equally efficient. It is worthy of note with what rapidity spraying has been widely adopted by intelligent orchardists within two or three years, although a great number of owners still neglect its application. The immense crop of pears in some portions of the country last year doubtless been increased by the adoption of spraying, which has changed scabby and worm-eaten fruit into a fair, attractive and excellent crop. Although it has proved only a partial destroyer of the curculio, it has so reduced the attacks of this insect as to change badly punctured crops into smooth and uninjured specimens. This is the result of extensive experiments made this year through all parts of the country.

For securing the plum crop from the curculio, it has been found advisable to repeat the operation once a week several times. From the report made by the experiment stations and by other careful and successful observers, the spraying by arsenites will give at least 50 per cent of the plum crop uninjured when at least nine-tenths were taken before, and very often the whole tree stripped. The tarring process on stiffened sheets is of course a more complete remedy if performed right, but is more frequently a failure if done superficially.

Where pear and plum trees stand in gardens with strawberries growing beneath, the mistake must not be made, when spraying about the time the strawberries ripen, of poisoning the strawberries while treating the fruit above. Small fruits, as currants and raspberries, that ripen nearly at the same time, should be treated with hellebore.

A more limited trial has been made for preventing the grape rot and mildew, but the Bordeaux mixture has proved very efficient when fully tried, and further experiment will doubtless point out the best mode of using it, and of freeing the crop from it. On the whole, the prospect of saving our fruit from these destroyers promises much general success.—[Farm, Field and Stockman.

Management of Young Pigs.

Sam. A. Clark, in a recent paper on management of swine, in *Home and Farm*, says: I would teach my pigs to eat when not more than two weeks old. I would relieve the sow as much as possible of the burden of furnishing all the nourishment for a strong, healthy litter of pigs. I have seen 200 lbs. of pigs sucking 150 lbs. of sow—150 lbs. of poor, weak, depleted sow furnishing nourishment for 200 lbs. of strong, hearty pigs. I would avoid much of this drain by feeding the pigs with all I could get them to eat of light, nutritious food, and keep them well stuffed, and give the sow some rest. I never saw many pigs, instead of weaned as most farmers do, by shutting the pigs up in a dry lot, and letting the sows run on the grass, I should shut the sows up, and let the pigs run on the grass.

Taking from the sows all sloppy and succulent food that goes to make milk, letting the pigs run in and out at their will, their milk begins to dry up and gradually fails. The supply is gone; the pigs are weaned and never know it. No cake or spoiled bags in the sows; no stunted pigs from weaning. By this time I would have my pigs depending on their feed, and would keep them growing as rapidly as possible from now until I get my money for them. If hogs stop growing for one or two months, you have lost all their food for that length of time, and can never regain it, or any part of it; they will not grow any faster for having been stunted. I would force their growth with all I could get them to eat, but not with an exclusive corn diet, any more than I would permit a child to eat all fat meat, rich pie, cake and pastry. He could have some pastry, but not his entire meal.

So with my pig, he could have some corn, but not all. The great bulk of the food on which I would crowd them should be oats, bran, shorts, slops, etc., until the approach of winter, when, if you intend them for market, the crowding and forcing should begin in earnest. Change their feed often, let up on the bulky food and increase it in richness; stimulate their appetites with anything you know to be appetizing; feed more corn and more concentrated food; crowd them hard. All you can get them to eat, digest, and assimilate above what is required to run their system is profit. It does not require a single ounce more feed to run a hog's system when he is growing and laying on flesh than when he is not. It requires so large a proportion of what a hog eats to maintain his system that a pound of feed does not make a pound of pork.

Remember simply that what a hog eats above what is required to run his system is profit—all profit—and the only profit you have. A hog in relation to food occupies the same position as a steamboat running up stream—put on just enough fuel to overcome the current and your boat stands still; it neither goes up nor down. You lose all your fuel; worse than that, your boat drifts backward. So with the hog; if you feed him only enough to run his system you not lose all your fuel (feed) but he shrinks; simply what he eats above that amount makes growth and fat. Then crowd him, tone him, stimulate his appetite.

What are Capons?

We have lately been asked, what are capons? They are roosters that have been castrated, and most any one can perform the operation if they only think so and will go ahead and try.

Poultry was extemely cheap last winter, but we succeeded in getting 20 cents per pound for our capons in New York at New Year's, which left us $1.34 each for roosters.

We had some left that we sold March 1, to a good customer in our little town that found out they were better than turkeys at 20 cents per pound.

The demand will continue to grow until all roosters will have to be caponized to get sales, and every farmer who reads your paper would do well to caponize some of his roosters and get a big price for them. Say as much for a rooster as for a turkey.—[Farm, Field and Stockman.

A Wash for Trees.

The following is, according to Professor Cook, an effective wash for fruit trees. It prevents egg-laying and kills the newly hatched caterpillars as they begin to tunnel the trees. Take one hundred pounds of caustic potash, one barrel of lime, one gallon of crude carbolic acid, two pounds of white arsenic, or London purple, which is perhaps better, and certainly cheaper, and water enough to make three hundred gallons of the wash. This will be sufficient for 3,000 trees; smaller quantities may be made in like proportion. Apply the wash with a stiff brush during summer. —[Vermont Farmer's Advocate.

Getting Rid of Hawks.

A few weeks ago a kinsman of one of my neighbors was visiting him, and the two went out squirrel hunting, says a writer in *Home and Farm*. While out the kinsman said he heard a hawk at a distance and that he could call it to him. They concealed themselves and he began to imitate the hoot of a owl, "too-whit, too-whit, too-whoo. The hawk came at once and was dispatched. Presently another came and was disposed of in like manner. He stated that he had killed as many as eight in one day. Another neighbor hearing of the trick, went to test it. He concealed himself and began his "too-whit, too-whoo," and in a few minutes a hawk alighted on a high stump of a broken limb and was easily shot. He kept up the calling and presently another hawk came and perched on the same limb and he, too, was killed. While reloading his gun the third hawk alighted in the same place and was, "What can ye can do nothing." A great many would admit that, who are not ready to accept the new and correct rendering, "Apart from me ye can do nothing." Almost everybody would like to have the help of Jesus; but not so many desire to live their very life in him. In the one case, Jesus is the servant; in the other case, he is more than master. In the one case, a person who is not a devoted servant of Jesus will hope for the assistance and blessing of Jesus. In the other case, he who is not himself in Christ's service, living his very life in Christ, must see that he—"can do nothing." It is not that we can do nothing without Christ, but that we can do nothing out of Christ. That is the plain teaching of the text.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; and so shall ye be my disciples (v. 8.) A common idea among Christians is that God is glorified in fruit-gathering rather than in fruit-growing; that it is the man who picks the fruit, rather than the man who bears it, who glorifies God in his sphere. Most preachers are inclined to measure their success by the souls they gather into the Lord's garner, rather than by their own attainment of personal living. Most teachers feel that the scholars they bring into the church, rather than the lives they live personally, are the test of their efficiency. And just here is where the Lord seems to see not as man seeth. When the pastor, or the evangelist, or the Sunday-school teacher, or the Young Men's Christian Association worker, says, "Look at the young converts I have brought to Christ! Isn't God glorified in my activity and well doing" then it is that the Lord's word comes home to that self-satisfied one, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit [and the fruit of the Spirit is not other people's souls, but your own graces of soul]; and so shall ye be my disciples." This is a strange sort of doctrine; but it is Christ's own explicit teaching.

This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you

Talmage's Sermon.

WAS THE GREAT ONE GOD'S PLAN.

Dr. Talmage Discusses the Religious Significance of the Century Old Monument in the Libyan Desert.

Dr. Talmage's sermon last Sunday was the first of a series he intends preaching on his Eastern tour, entitled, "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis, or What I Saw in Egypt and Greece Confirmatory of the Scriptures." His text was Isaiah x. 19-20: "In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness."

Isaiah no doubt here refers to the great pyramid of Gizeh, the chief pyramid of Egypt. The text speaks of a piller in Egypt, and this is the greatest piller ever lifted; and the text says it is to be at the border of the land, and this pyramid is at the border of the land; and the text says it shall be for a witness, and the object of this sermon is to tell what this pyramid witnesses. This sermon is the first of a course of sermons entitled, "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis, or what I saw in Egypt and Greece confirmatory of the Scriptures."

We had on a morning of December, 1889, landed in Africa. Amid the howling boatmen at Alexandria we had come ashore and taken the rail-train for Cairo, Egypt, along the banks of the most thoroughly harnessed river of all the world—the river Nile. We had, at evening time, entered the city of Cairo, the city where Christ dwelt while staying in Egypt during the Herodic persecution. It was our first night in Egypt. No destroying angel sweeping through as once, but all the stars were out, and the skies were filled with angels of beauty and angels of light, and the air was balmy as an American June. The next morning we were early awake and at the window, looking upon palm trees in full glory of leaf and upon gardens of fruits and flowers at the very season when our homes far away are canopied by black skies and the last leaf of the forest has gone down in the equinoctials.

But how can I describe the thrill of expectation, for to-day we are to see what all the world has seen or wants to see—the pyramids. We are mounted for an hour and a half's ride. We pass on amid bazars stuffed with rugs and carpets, and curious fabrics of all sorts from Smyrna, from Algiers, from Persia, from Turkey, and through streets where we meet people of all colors and all garbs, carts loaded with garden productions, priests in gowns, women in black veils, Bedouins in long and seemingly superfluous apparel, Janissaries in jacket of embroidered gold—out and on toward the great pyramids; for, though there are sixty-nine pyramids still standing, the pyramid at Gizeh is the monarch of pyramids.

Here it is. We stand under the shadow of a structure that shuts out all the earth and the sky, and we look up and strain our vision to appreciate the distant top, and are overwhelmed while we cry, "The Pyramid! The Pyramid!"

I had started that morning with the determination of ascending the Pyramid. One of my chief objects in going to Egypt was not only to see the base of the gigantic wonder, but to stand on the top of it. Yet the nearer I came to this eternity in stone the more my determination was shaken. Its altitude to me was simply appalling. A great height has always been to me a most disagreeable sensation. As we dismounted at the base of the Pyramid, I said, "Others may go up it, but not I. I will satisfy myself with a view from the base. The ascent of it would be to me a foolhardy undertaking." But after I had given up all idea of ascending, I found my daughter was determined to go, and I could not let her go with strangers, and I changed my mind, and we started with guides. It cannot be done without these helpers. Two or three times foolhardy men have attempted it alone, but their bodies came tumbling down, unrecognizable and lifeless. Each person in our party had two or three guides or helpers. One of them unrolled his turban, and tied it around my waist, and he held the other end of the turban as a matter of safety. Many of the blocks of stone are four or five feet high and beyond any ordinary human stride unless assisted. But, two Arabs to pull and two Arabs to push, I found myself rapidly ascending from height to height, and on, to altitudes *terrific*, and at last at the tip top we found ourselves on a level space of about 30 feet square. Through clearest atmospere we looked off upon the desert, and off upon the winding Nile, and off upon the Sphinx with its feature of everlasting stone, and yonder upon the minarets of Cairo glittering in the sun, and yonder upon Memphis in ruins, and off upon the wreck of empires and the battle-fields of ages, a radius of view enough to fill the mind and shock the nerves and overwhelm one's entire being.

I wonder not that this mountain of limestone and red granite has been the fascination of scholars, of scientists, of intelligent Christians in all ages. Sir John Herschel, the astronomer, said he thought it had astronomical significance. The wise men who accompanied Napoleon's army into Egypt, went into profound study of the Pyramid. In 1865, Professor Smyth and his wife lived in the empty tombs near by the Pyramid, that they might be as continuously as possible close to the Pyramid which they were investigating. The Pyramid built more than four thousand years ago, being a complete geometrical figure, wise men have concluded it must have been divinely constructed. Man came through thousands of years to fine architecture, to music, to painting, but this was perfect at the world's start, and God must have directed it. All astronomers and geometricians and scientists say that it was scientifically and mathematically constructed before science and mathematics were born. From the inscription on the pyramid, from its proportions, from the points of the compass recognized its structure, from the direction in which its tunnels run, from the relative position of the blocks that compose it, scientists, Christians and infidels have demonstrated that the being who planned this pyramid must have known the world's sphericity, and that its motion was rotatory, and how many miles it was in diameter and circumference, and how many tons the world weighs, and knew at what point in the heavens certain stars would appear at certain periods of time. Not in the four thousand years since the putting up of that pyramid has a single fact in astronomy or mathamatics been found to contradict the wisdom of that structure. Yet they had not at the age when the pyramid was started an astronomer or architect or a mathematician worth mentioning. Who, then, planned the pyramid? Who superintended its erection? Who from its first foundation stone to its capstone erected everything? It must have been God. Isaiah was right, when he said in my text, "A pillar shall be at the border of the land of Egypt, and it shall be for a sign and a witness." The Pyramid is God's first Bible. Hundreds, if not thousands of years before the first line of the Book of Genesis was written, the lesson of the Pyramid was written.

Well, of what is this Cyclopean masonry a sign and a witness? Among other things, of the prolongation of human work compared with the brevity of human life. In all the four thousand years this Pyramid has only lost eighteen feet in width, one side of its square at the base changed only from seven hundred and sixty-four feet to seven hundred and forty-six feet, and the most of that eighteen feet taken off by architects to furnish stone for building in the city of Cairo. The men who constructed the Pyramid worked at it only a few years and then put down the trowel, and the compass, and the square, and lowered the derrick which had lifted the ponderous weights; but forty centuries has their work stood, and it will be good for forty centuries more. All Egypt has been shaken by terrible earthquakes, and cities have been prostrated or swallowed, but that pyramid has defied all volcanic paroxysms. It has looked upon some of the greatest battles ever fought since the world stood. Where are the men who constructed it? Their bodies gone to dust and even the dust scattered. Even the sarcophagus in which the king's mummy may have slept is empty.

So men die but their work lives on. We are all building pyramids not to last four thousand years, but forty thousand, forty million, forty trillion, forty quadrillion, forty quintillion. For a while we wield the trowel or pound with the hammer or measure with the yard stick or write with the pen or experiment with the scientific battery or plan with the brain, and for a while the foot walks and the eye sees and the ear hears and the tongue speaks. All the good words or bad words we speak are spread out into one layer for a pyramid. All the kind deeds or malevolent deeds we do are spread out into another layer. All the Christian or unchristian example we set is spread out in another layer. All the indirect influences of our lives are spread out in another layer. Then the time soon comes when we put down the implement of toil and pass away, but the pyramid stands. The twentieth century will not rock it down, nor the thirtieth century, nor the one hundredth century. The earthquake that rocks this world to pieces will not stop our influence for good or evil. You modestly say: "That is true in regard to the great workers for good or evil, and of gigantic genuises, Miltonian or Talleyraudian, but not of me, for I live and work on a small scale." My hearer, remember that those who built the pyramids were common workmen. Not one of them could lift one of those great stones. I took a dozen of them to lift one stone and others just wielded a trowel, clicking it on the hard edge, or smoothing the mortar between this layer. One hundred thousand men toiled on those sublime elevations. If one of those granite blocks that I just touch with my feet on this December morning in 1889, as the two Arabs pull me and the other two Arabs push me, could speak out and tell its history it would say: "The place of my nativity was down in the great stone quarry of Mokattam or Asswan.

Cheops didn't build the pramid. Some boss mason in the world's twilight didn't build the pyramid. One hundred thousand men built it, and perhaps from first to last 200,000 men. So with the pramids now rising, pyramids of evil or pyramids of good. The pyramid of drunkenness rising ever since the time when Noah got drunk on wine, although there was at his time such a superabundance of water. All the saloonists of the ages adding their layers of ale casks and wine pitchers and rum jugs until the pyramid overshadows the Great Sahara Desert of desolated homes, and broken hearts, and destroyed eternities. And as the pyramid still rises, layers of human skulls piled on top of human skulls and human mountains of human bones to whiten the peaks reaching unto the heavens, hundreds of thousands of people are building that pyramid. So with the pyramid of righteousness. Multitude of hands are toiling on the steeps, hands infantile, hands octogenarian, masculine hands' female hands, strong hands, weak hands. Some clanging a trowel, some pulling a rope, some measuring the sides. Layers of psalm books on top of layers of sermons. Layers of prayers on top of layers of holy sacrifice. And hundreds of thousands coming down to sleep their last sleep, but other hundreds of thousands going up to take their places, and the pyramids will continue to rise until the millennial morning gilds the completed work, and the toilers on these heights shall take off their aprons and throw down their trowels, crying, "It is finished."

Your business and mine is not to build a pyramid, but to be one of the hundreds of thousands who shall ring a trowel, or pull a rope, or turn the crank of a derrick, or cry "Yo heave!" while lifting another block to its elevation. Though it be seemingly a small work and a brief work, it is a work that shall last forever. In the last day many a man and woman whose work has never been recognized on earth will come to a pecial honor. The Ecumenical council, now in session at Washington, its delegates the honored repersentatives of fifty million Methodists in all parts of the earth, will at every session do honor to the memory of John Wesley, but I wonder if any of them will think to twist a garland for the memory of humble Peter Bohler, the Moravian, who brought John Wesley into the kingdom of God. I rejoice that all the thousands who have been toiling on the pyramid of righteousness will at last be recognized and rewarded—the mother who brought her children to Christ, the Sabbath teacher who brought her class to the knowledge of the truth, the unprendinging man who saved a soul. Then the trowel will be more honored than the scepter. As a great battle was going on the soldiers were ordered to the front, and a sick man jumped out of an ambulance in which he was being carried to the hospital. The surgeon asked him what he meant by getting out of the ambulance when he was sick and almost ready to die. The soldier answered: Doctor, I am going to the front. I had rather die on the field than die in an ambulance." Thank God, if we cannot do much we can do a little.

As in Egypt that December afternoon, 1889, exhausted in body, mind and soul, we mounted to return to Cairo, we took our last look at the pyramid at Gizh, and you know there is something in the air toward evening that seems prodocive of solemn and tender emotion, and that great Pyramid seemed to be humanized and with lips of stone it seemed to speak and cry out: "Hear me, man, mortal or immortal! My voice is the voice of God. He designed me. Isaiah said I would be a sign and a witness. I saw Moses when he was a lad. I witnessed the long procession of the Israelites as they started to cross the Red Sea and Pharaoh's host in pursuit of them. The falcons and the eagles of many centuries have brushed my brow. I stood here when Cleopatra's barge landed with her sorceries, and Hypatia for her virtues was slain in yonder streets. Alexander the Great, Sesostris, and Ptolemy admired my proportions. Herodotus and Pliny sounded my praise. I am old. I am very old. For thousands of years I have watched the coming and going of generations. They tarry only a little while, but they make everlasting impression. I bear on my side the mark of the trowel and chisel of those who more than four thousand years ago expired. Beware what you do. Oh, man! for what you do will last long after you are dead! If you would be affectionately remembered after you are gone, trust not to any earthly commemoration. I have not one word to say about any astronomer who studied the heavens from my heights or any king who was sepulchred in my bosom. I am slowly passing away. I am a dying pyramid. I shall yet lie down in the dust of the plain and the sands of the desert shall cover me, or when the earth goes I will go. But you are immortal. The feet with which you climed my sides to-day will turn to dust, but you gather a soul that will outlast me and all my brotherhood of pyramids. Live for eternity! Live for God. With the shadows of the evening now falling from my side, I pronounce upon you a benediction. Take it with you across the Mediterranean. Take it with you across the Atlantic. God only is great! Let all the earth keep silence before him. Amen! And then the lips of granite hushed, and the great Giant of Masonary wrapped himself again in the silence of ages, and as I rode away in the gathering twilight, this course of sermons was projected.

"Wonderous Egypt! Land of ancient pomp and pride,
Where Beauty walks by hoary Ruin's side,
Where plenty reigns and still the seasons smile,
And rolls—rich gift of God—exhaustless Nile."

His Expectations.

Her Father—So, young man, you want to marry my daughter?

Young Man—Yes, sir.

Her Father—Well, what are your expectations?

Young Man—That you will not give your consent, and that we shall have to get married without it.—[Puck.

FORCE THEM OUT.

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AN EDITOR Mr. W. C. Curtis, Editor of the Mecklenburg News, at Boydton, Va., says that he has been entirely relieved from an abscess which formed in his throat, and caused intense pain, almost choking him. He could not swallow solid food, and was in a most painful condition. He says that he took only three bottles, and that it effected a complete cure.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

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The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

She Lived Among Them.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I notice communications in the Camp Fire from Comrade C. C. Davis and Lieut. Emmert, giving little scraps of their experience as East Tennessee Unionists during the war, which brings to my own mind very vividly many little incidents that occurred during that time. That being my native home, a line from a loyal East Tennesseean never fails to attract my attention, or touch a tender chord of sympathy. I was young when the war commenced, but old enough to know something of what it cost to be loyal to the Union, and live in the South. Where we lived, near the Georgia line, it was at least two hundred miles to the Union lines in Kentucky, and the way attended with many dangers, the country being full of rebel scouts whose special mission was to look out for "renegade Lincolnites," on their way to "just anywhere to escape rebel wrath." The Confederate conscript law called out all men from 16 to 60, thus almost robbing the cradle and the grave, and there was no way out of it, as our boys would say, but to fly in Abraham's bosom; and woe be unto the man or woman that "Southern Chivalry" found to be cognizant of this "flying" business.

One old man named Hooper, living within a few miles of my father's, was suspected by some of his neighbors of knowing something of the movements of the refugees, consequently one night he was taken out and tortured almost to death, to make him divulge. They would hang him up, and take him down for another chance, until finally he was taken down more dead than alive, and never fully recovered from the outrageous treatment. Soon after all the bridges, except one, on the East Tennesse & Georgia railway were burned, which occurred on the same night, and at the same hour—about 1 o'clock. Persecutions against the Union people broke out with redoubled fury, and the disloyalists would often say they believed it to be a deeply-laid Northern scheme; but "all you Lincolnites are glad of it, and ought to be hung for it." One old man, old Father Hearman, and his two sons, one only 17 years old, were singled out as suspected bridge-burners. They were given the farce of a trial, sentenced to be hung, and the sentence carrried out.

When this old man and his boys walked up on the scaffold to offer up their lives as a sacrifice on freedom's altar, they walked to a death as heroic and glorious as that of Wilson, McPherson, or any other soldier slain in the heat and excitement of battle. The calm, cool manner in which they met their fate was marvelous. The felons in traitorous eyes, proved to be the heroic martyrs. When the noose was being tightened about the neck of the youngest boy, he shuddered and tears came to his eyes. When his father looked up at him and said, "Die like a man, my son," his tears ceased, and all three were swung off into eternity, murdered for being loyal to the Union. This is the kind of grit of which loyal Southerners, or "Southern Federals," were made. Why don't more loyal women, North and South, visit the Camp Fire oftener? Occasionally one ventures to throw a chunk on, as "Soldier's Wife" did a few weeks ago. Many of you had experiences worth relating, especially along the border, and if your husbands, fathers or brothers were Union defenders, their names are an honor to you.—MRS. RHODA A. HOTTEL, Mo.

In Libby Prison.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—While waiting for admission to Libby prison I noticed over the entrance door, in large gilt letters, these words: "Libby & Son." They seemed to read, "Leave hope behind, who enters here!" We marched into the hallway and halted in front of the provost marshal's office. The door was opened and the boys were informed that they had better turn over all their watches, money and pocket-knives to the provost marshal, who would give each man a receipt, so the men could get these articles when they were paroled; but all the boys ever got was the receipts, for when we left the prison the marshal's office was closed and locked. I suppose the boys have their receipts yet. We were then taken to the upper story of the building, where we were greeted on all sides with the cry, "Fresh fish! Fresh fish!" Our conductor then made a short speech, in which he informed us that he was "lord of all," and that he intended to starve us so that we would be of no more account to the Abolition Lincoln government; that his name was Turner; that he was a New Yorker, etc. He then disappeared.

We commingled with the other prisoners, and soon became acquainted—misery loves company; and here I first saw misery in its keenest form. I soon discovered that if a man gave way to despair he would surely die; hence, all the time I was confined in Libby I never gave up hopes of being released. During eight months' confinement there, I never saw a doctor or a bit of medicine—not even a bandage—inside the prison. If a man got sick, he died; and if he would not get sick, the rebels endeavored to starve him to death—he could take his choice. Our diet consisted (sometimes) of a "hunk" of bread about two inches square, and a pint of bean-soup, made by cooking three pints of black beans in three barrels of water, seasoned with rebel curses. For infraction of prison rules we were put on bread and water (minus the bread) for a few days. Sometimes we were given a small piece of rotten bacon. The "fresh fish" could not eat it, but would pitch it into a spittoon. Some "old timer," however, would watch his chance, and take it out of the filth and eat it with evident relish. Some will say they don't believe that. Can't help it; what I have seen and experienced I know to be true, and thousands will bear witness to the truth of these assertions.

One day a rebel cavalry lieutenant came into the room and informed us that he would enlist as many as wished to join his forces, and take them out and give them time to recuperate before putting them on duty. He further promised them good treatment, good pay and plenty to eat. Here was a chance for liberty. Not a man took advantage of it! Rather than take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate government, the brave men would die in prison. Shortly after the lieutenant's visit, all prisoners that belonged to the Western department were paroled and sent by way of Petersburg to City Point for exchange. There laid a large transport, loaded with rebel prisoners. They were counted off, and we were counted on. The lines were cast loose, and we steamed down the James river, thankful that we were once more under the old flag. We were as happy as a lot of school boys. I rejoined my regiment at Huntsville, Ala., in time to re enlist for three years longer, and served to the close of the war. But I never fully recovered from the effects of the harsh treatment received while a prisoner of war. Now, old comrades of Southern prisons, let us hear from you.—DANIEL SPENCER, Co. C, 11th Iowa V. V. Inft.

Their Just Deserts.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Six miles north of Florence dwelt one of our most wealthy planters. Sunday night, April 30, 1865, a gang of villains went there for the purpose of robbing him, in the guise of Federal soldiers. Among them were two young men named Campbell and Oliver, who had originally been rebel soldiers, and when the fortunes of the Confederacy began to wane, had deserted and joined a gang of the most heartless wretches that ever cursed the face of the earth. Old man John S. Wilson, aged 76 years, was ill, and being nursed by his nephew, Mathew Wilson, jr., when the murderers rode up and entered the house. After demanding Wilson's money, they drew the sofa up to the fire on which he was lying, placed a lot of books on him, set them on fire, and poured shovelsful of embers on his feet, and, failing to get the money, cruely shot him and his nephew to death, and seriously wounded a young man, Foster, and shot the overseer to death, the man reaching his pistol around the body of Mrs. Furisty, who was standing in the door, to shoot her husband. From Wilson's a rapid ride soon carried them to Florence, where they tortured Mr. Milner, now a druggist, John Kadelman, and a negro; they also attempted to enter the house of the late John W. McAlister but were repulsed by Mrs. McA., who fired upon them. Soon thereafter they were captured by the strategy of Col. R. DeFord, U. S. A., and when they were carried to town he turned the proceedings over to his second in command, because he and Oliver and Campbell had been friends "befo' the wah." The trial resulted in a death sentence, which was executed inside of an hour and a half. A detail was made of twelve men, six to fire and six reserve, a ride of a mile, and arrangements soon made for the battle. While the cortege was solemnly moving along the route, the horn of Oliver ran against that of Campbell, and the latter said:

"Charlie, what the h—l do you mean? If you come down to h—l, where I am, I'll kick you out."

At the base of a large oak, in a little hollow, the culprits were placed for the final act, on their bended knees, facing their executioners. One of the latter remarked about a little shrub that was in line of his vision, when one of the victims reached forward and broke it down, with the remark:

"I wouldn't give a d—n for a man that couldn't hit another that distance!"

The order was given, and six carbines were discharged. One man received one wound, the other two; they were buried where executed. The given names of these people I forbear, because they are among the most prominent families in North Alabama, and to show the "chronics" I deal in facts, absolutely.—BUB.

A Midnight Maneuver.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—When the 24th Ind. arrived at Sedalia, we found that Gen. Pope had succeeded in capturing 1,540 prisoners near Black Water, Mo., together with their entire wagon train. In a few days Col. Hovey sent out a posse under command of Lieut. Sheik, 24th Ind., for the purpose of recovering an abandoned wagon, as he did not wish it to fall into the hands of the enemy. Lieut. Sheik advanced in fine style until he arrived near where he expected to find the wagon. Suddenly the squad sighted the camp fires of a regiment, and as it was then dark, a small party went forward to reconnoitre. On returning the party reported that the enemy was too strong for us to overcome. The lieutenant held a consultation with his non-commissioned officers. Lieut. Sheik was in favor of abandoning the field, but Sergt. F. M. Robbins of Co. F, favored a more vigorous prosecution of the campaign. The sergeant carried the day—or night, rather. Selecting a number of brave spirits he advanced intrepidly to within a few yards of the enemy, who were innocently sleeping, unconscious of their fate. All at once the sergeant ordered the men to pour a deadly volley into the enemy's quarters, and then fall back. No sooner ordered than performed. A few minutes later, Sheik's battalion might have been careening over the plains of Missouri at break-neck speed. Coming into camp at Sedalia, Lieut. Shiek reported to Col. Hovey his want of success in bringing the wagon with him, but wound up his report with an eulogy on the bravery of the men under his command, in the recent engagement. Col. Hovey thanked him warmly for his discretion he had displayed in bringing every man back safe and sound. A few days thereafter Lieut. Col. Gerber found himself in company with Col. Eads, of the 1st Mo. Cav. During the conversation, Col. Eads relatd an account of Lieut. Sheik's engagement with his men. Said the colonel: "Don't you think, colonel, the cowardly rebels sneaked up on my men at midnight, and fired a volley into our regiment, killing one mule, and scaring several mules and horses pretty badly, and then skeedaddled?" It is needless to add that Lieut. Sheik never heard the last of the "Mule Engagement." Col. Eads and his men were held in utter detestation ever after by Lieut. Sheik.—LEWIS B. JESSUP.

A Woman Surprised Them.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In July, 1862, our company was camped on a stream that the railroad crosses, running from Stevenson to Huntsville, Ala. We were stationed there for the purpose of guarding the place where a bridge had been (before the rebels burned it), until another could be built. While there we built a stockade, by setting logs endways partly in the ground, and leaving holes between at a convenient height to shoot through. While there we were troubled some by bushwhackers. Four out of our company had been killed, one taken prisoner (who died a few days after, so we learned), and two wounded; besides, we had heard of others killed by bushwhackers that belonged our regiment, and who were stationed at other points along the road, doing guard duty.

While we were stationed on this stream, which the boys called Mud creek, we slept in the stockade, except a few guards that were stationed outside to give notice of approaching danger. One night the alarm was given by the firing of a gun by John McManus. When we heard who it was that fired the shot, we made up our minds that we had some work to do, for we well knew that John was no reckless fellow, as he always knew about what he was doing. It did not take us long to get into position in the stockade and await the onslaught of the enemy. Our captain told us not to shoot until the enemy got close so that we could do good execution.

Imagine our chagrin, when we found the party to be a single negro woman on horseback, who had come to the camp for protection.—I. D. CHAPMAN, Cos. I and H, 10th and 7th Wis. Infts.

Not the Man.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I am glad to hear from "Salmagundi" Wiggins again. Thought perhaps he was dead. I see he is not the man that "held the hog by the tail" on December 7, 1862, while I formed my men across the road. I think that poor boy got more lead than pork. Where is the man that rode up within five yards of me, dismounted and gave me his horse just before the fight began? Where, also, is the man that gave me a bugle, a new sabre, and a Beahl's patent pistol? I ask pardon for striking him on the head with my sabre. Where is the soldier who got up from behind the fence (where Hubbard surrendered) and gave me three new pistols, one revolving rifle and a good horse? I should like to hear from you all, boys. I think Wiggins is a little off regarding the time he came to Vanburen and December 11. It was about December 27. Shelby and Marmaduke were at Lewisburg, 40 miles from Little Rock. We went there for supplies, and to wait for you Yanks to go to Vanburen, so that we could start to Springfield. We started to Springfield on January 1, 1863. As to Hindman's supplies that you got at Vanburen, they were not army supplies. It was property belonging to the farmers. It is not common for an army to march off and leave their supplies for the enemy, when it is so easy to burn them!—J. L., 1st Lieut., 3d Brig., Mo. Confed. Cav.

A Splinter.

While in Chicago recently, Capt. K. W. Noyes, of Paw Paw, Mich., visited the Libby prison museum. Wandering up stairs, he found and recognized the identical post against which he leaned on the day in war time when he was bundled into prison, a desperately wounded captive. It was on that particular day, too, October 6, twenty-seven years before, that he and the post met each other first.

The Peaches Are Worth More.

Cholly—Ole fellow, you remind me of a basket of peaches.

Fweddy—Thanks, deah boy.

"Don't mention it. You remind me of a basket of peaches, ole fellow, because you are soft on top and your beauty is all on the surface."—[Chicago Tribune.

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Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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5.—Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

6.—No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Theory of the Tides.

H. A. H., Gault, Mo.: Laplace's theory of tides is the most elaborate attempt at the complete solution of the problem in science. It is so complex in its theory necessitates the employment of high analysis, which would be unintelligible to the mass of our readers. In a word, Laplace's theory of the tide problem is, that it is one of fluid motion, or surface, as Newton treats. Newton's theory considers the earth to be spherical, covered with a layer of water, which would, of course, if left to itself, be uniformly deep over the whole surface. The attraction of the moon (per unit of mass) on the water immediately below her is greater than her attraction to the solid earth (per unit of mass), and tends, therefore, to raise the water on that part of the surface. At a point on the surface directly opposite to the moon, the water-layer is farther from the moon than the bulk of the earth, and, consequently, the moon attracts the water (per unit of mass) less than it attracts the earth. The tendency is, as it were, to pull the earth away from the water, so that here also the water is raised, though not quite so much as on the other side, as the moon's attraction diminishes with distance. The effect of the moon's action on the previously uniform layer of water is thus to elongate it both ways in the direction of the line joining the centers of the earth and moon. On account of the very small amount of this elongation, it is found by mathematical processes, which we cannot give here, that the form of the surface will become very nearly a prolate spheroid, (a solid formed by the revolution of an ellipse about its longer axis). But the moon revolves about the earth, and the earth revolves also about its axis. Also, the moon is not the only tide-producing body, and the earth is not uniformly covered with water, and these facts must be taken into consideration. Thus the difficulties of giving at any definite conclusions, or laws, are enormous. The small influence of the sun on the sea-level, joined to that of the moon, gives rise to the spring and neap tides. Another curious phenomenon, which we can easily account for, is the "priming" and "lagging" of the tides, or the acceleration and retardation of the time of high water. If the tides were due to the sun or moon alone, they would occur at equal intervals of time; but, if about new moon the sun passes the meridian before the moon, the tide is accelerated; if after, it is retarded. The rise of the waters in tidal rivers, commonly called bays, where it sometimes amounts to more than 100 feet, is almost entirely produced by the tidal wave in the ocean. Every twelve hours and twenty-five minutes the water on the coasts commences to rise, and continues rising for a little over six hours, when it as gradually falls. When it rises, It is called flood tide; and when it falls it is called ebb tide. These tides are caused mainly by the attraction of the moon, and follow her in her course around the earth. The moon not only draws the water toward her, but also draws the earth away from the water on the opposite side of the earth, which explains the occurrence of the tides every twelve hours and twenty-five minutes, similar tides occurring at the same time on opposite sides of the earth. The sun also causes tides; but the solar tides are so slight as to be barely perceptible. When the sun and moon act together, as when they are on the same side or on opposite sides of the earth, which occurs at the time of new and full moon, the sun and moon then being on a line with the earth, the tides are the highest, and are called spring tides. At the time of the first and third quarter of the moon, the sun then being placed 90 degrees from the moon, or a quarter of the distance around the earth, the attraction of the sun serves to diminish the height of the water, and this is called neap tide. The height of the tides varies greatly in different parts of the earth, owing mainly to the conformation of the shores of the ocean. In the middle of the Pacific it is from 2 to 5 feet; on the east coast of North America, from 9 to 12 feet on the average; in the Bay of Biscay, 40 feet, and in the Bay of Fundy, having a long and narrow channel, (the water wedging in from the ocean), the tide reaches the enormous height of 70 feet in the highest spring tides. As a rule the tide is required for the attraction by the moon, the high tides will occur a little after the moon passes the meridian—in other words, the tide is always "a little behind the moon" in her apparent journey from east to west. It is obvious, also, from this apparent motion westward, that higher tides will prevail on the east than on the west coast.

2.—United States officers are all officials connected with or employed by the government of the United States.

Amendment and Convention.

J. C. B., Lacarne, O., and J. G. E., Ithaca, O., ask for an explanation of the taxation amendment and constitutional convention. A full explanation was given in the Weekly BLADE of October 1, but by the request of many readers, we reprint it below:

The taxation amendment is a proposed amendment to Section 2, Article VII., of the state constitution, which adds to the power of the legislature the following: In addition thereto, laws may be passed, taxing rights, privileges, franchises, and such other subject matters as the legislature may direct.

This amendment, if carried, will allow the legislature to increase the revenue of the state by taxing the privileges and franchises of corporations. It will then be possible to tax the franchises of any or all railroads within the state. The only tax they now pay is on the value of the road-bed, stations, buildings, etc., and rolling stock. Hence they do not pay their proper share of taxation. It would enable great corporations, like the Standard Oil company, for instance, to be taxed on their franchises, and bear their proper share of the burden of the state. This amendment would also prevent the taxing of large inheritances, if thought desirable. It would open the way to an extension of the license fee in various directions which the legislature does not now possess the power to tax, and would allow the taxing of special privileges of any kind. Under the present provisions of the constitution many of the most valuable forms of property escape taxation. The legislature, if this amendment is not adopted, will probably be compelled to increase the rate of taxation upon real estate, in order to raise sufficient revenue for governmental expenses.

The other proposition to be voted on this fall, is whether a constitutional convention shall be called to make a new constitution if it chooses, or revise and amend the old one. The present state constitution contains the provision that every twenty years the question be voted on by the people of Ohio. It was voted on in 1871 and carried. A constitutional convention was elected, which met and prepared a new constitution, which, however, was rejected by the people. Our present constitution, framed in 1851, is in many respects notoriously defective, and we should have a new one, by all means.

West Virginia.

J. C. D., Stone's Crossing, Ind.: Up to the secession of Virginia in 1861, that portion of the state now known as West Virginia was included in the Old Dominion. On April 17, 1861, a convention of delegates assembled in Clarksburg, denounced the action of the Richmond convention in passing the ordinance of secession, and recommended the people of the western Virginia counties to meet in convention in Wheeling on May 13. Delegates from 25 counties met in Wheeling and passed resolutions denouncing the ordinance of secession, and providing for a convention of all the counties of Virginia adhering to the National government. An election of delegates having been held on the 26th, the convention, representing 40 counties, assembled in Wheeling June 11, repudiated the acts of the secession convention in Richmond, and on the 20th elected, as governor of the "reorganized state of Virginia," Francis H. Pierpont, who at once entered upon the duties of that office. A lieutenant governor, an attorney general, and an executive council of five were appointed. The legislature assembled on the 1st of July, and elected two United States senators, and on August 20 passed an ordinance providing for an election to be held on October 24, to decide upon the formation of the new state of Kanawha. The people, by a large majority declared in favor of this measure. At the same time delegates were chosen to a constitutional convention, which assembled in Wheeling on November 26, and framed a constitution, which was ratified by the people on May 3, 1862. On May 13 the consent of the legislature was given for the formation of the new state, the name of which had been changed on December 3, 1861, to West Virginia. By an act approved December 31, 1862, Congress provided for the admission of West Virginia into the Union, upon the ratification by the people of the proposed amendment to the constitution abrogating its provision that no slave or free colored person should come into the state for residence. This amendment was ratified March 26, 1863, and on April 20 President Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring that the prescribed conditions had been complied with, and that the constitution should go into force in 60 days from that date.

The Carlos Butterfield Claim.

W. M. H., Indianapolis, Ind., wishes to know what was the "Carlos Butterfield claim," of which President Harrison spoke concerning a resolution in his last annual message. We find in an exchange the following explanation:

The demand for indemnity known as the Carlos Butterfield claim was a claim of Carlos Butterfield & Co. against the government of Denmark for indemnity for the seizure, detention, and other wrongs in 1854-5 of the steamer Ben Franklin and the bark Catherine Augusta by the authorities of the Island of St. Thomas, of the Danish West India islands.

After more than thirty years of negotiations the government of the United States and the government of Denmark failed to arrive at a conclusive settlement thereof, and they therefore appointed Rasmus B. Anderson, minister resident of the United States of America at Copenhagen, and Baron O. Rosenorn-Lehn royal Danish minister of foreign affairs, to select an arbitrator. Sir Edmund Monson, her British majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Athens, was chosen. He rendered an award to the effect that no compensation was due.

Gen. Lee's Troops.

J. J. M., Montague, Texas, writes as follows: In answer to L. C. E., the last official report of R. E. Lee was dated at Petersburg, February 20, 1865, and gave his aggregate present for duty at 73,849, and his aggregate present and absent at 160,411. See "Lee's Memoirs," page 682. Nothing definite will ever be known regarding the strength of his army later than that. The fact is, there has been a persistent endeavor to under-rate his force. For example, A. H. Stevens puts it at only 35,000 before Petersburg. Grant, in his memoirs, accounts for over 50,000. See vol. 2, pp. 483, 440, 446, 473, 500.

Miscellaneous.

O. J. L., North Branch, Kan.: There is no English duty on farm products from America.

A. M. T., Lakota, N. D. The Nasby letters are published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

C. B. C., Toledo, O.: The bounty on English sparrows has not been given for two years, the act having been repealed.

J. H. G., Pushmataha, Miss.: Please read the instructions to correspondents. We cannot answer your question; you will have to write the firm.

F. T. D., Embreville, Tenn.: From the meagre question you give us we are unable to find any verse in the Bible similar to the one about which you ask.

J. N. B., Cedar Rapids, Neb.: Write to the superintendent of the Census Bureau, at Washington. If he does not reply, we will endeavor to get the statistics you ask for.

N. A. G., Dempytown, Pa.: If Labor day in your state is a legal holiday, sheriff's sales would not be lawful any more than they would were they to be held on Christmas, Thanksgiving, or the Fourth of July.

R. R. R., Oak Harbor, O.: The only place in the state where there is a Veteran Republican ticket, and the one which you undoubtedly mean, is in Cincinnati. So far as we know, it cuts but very small figure in the campaign, and does not reach outside of Hamilton county.

A. R. M., Concordia, Kan.: United States Treasury notes are redeemable in gold. 2.—The circulation of United States paper money in foreign countries is very limited, indeed, a greenback in a foreign country would be as much of a curiosity as an English bank note in this.

B. F. S., Okobojo, Dak.: That protection does ultimately reduce prices is proved every time you go to the grocery, hardware, clothing, or any other store. Protection builds up industries and by the competition thus engendered prices have been reduced until no article made in this country will sell for a less price than a foreign one with the tariff upon it.

E. M., Arcadia, O.: You can learn how to become a member of the American Protective Tariff League by writing to the secretary, A. P. T. L., No. 23 West Twenty-third street, New York city. Your question concerning the Taxation Amendment is answered in another part of this Bureau.

J. B., Kingwood, N. J.: Were it not for the McKinley bill and the tariff imposed by it, wool would be selling in this country for about the

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1891.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 119,000.

A FINANCE PRIMER.

53—The New Treasury Notes—Their Advantage.

The silver law of 1890 is misunderstood by many people, largely because of the misrepresentations of the free silver advocates. Its provisions should be entirely acceptable to every advocate of free coinage who is not interested in silver mining. It provides for the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver per month, and the issue of treasury notes to the amount the bullion cost. This provision adds to the circulation every month all that would be added by the free coinage of American silver—for 53 million ounces a year is equal to our total silver production, less the amount used in the arts.

The treasury notes are redeemable in "coin"—gold and silver. Hence the entire gold circulation of the country stands behind them, upholding their value. The government can sell the bullion for gold to get that metal for their redemption, if needed. They are, hence, better than the silver certificates, which are certificates of deposit of silver dollars. They are better than greenbacks, for they are payable on demand, and the silver bullion lies in the vaults as an asset for their redemption; hence the credit of the government can be subjected to no strain under no conjunction of circumstances. Being redeemable in coin, they do not act to increase the volume of silver as opposed to gold; hence the augmentation of the currency by their means is perfectly safe, and avoids the great danger which would follow free silver coinage at the present ratio—that of changing to the silver standard, and driving gold to a premium.

We ask any advocate of silver what possible advantage free coinage could have over these treasury notes? What argument can be adduced to prefer free silver, with its admittedly grave dangers, to a plan which adds so much to the circulation, yet avoids those dangers? We have never seen a good reason adduced, nor can we imagine what one could be brought forward.

We know a vigorous denial is made that free coinage would cause a fall to the silver standard; that it is assumed this would cause silver to rise in price to a parity with gold—to $1.29 per ounce. If this were true, then the new law, by increasing the demand to practically what it would be (for American silver) under free coinage, should have caused an advance in the market rate. It has done nothing of the sort. There was an upward spurt at the time the law was passed, due to speculation; but it lasted but a fortnight or so. For a year or more, the price has been at the same average level as for the year preceding the passage of that law.

Furthermore, free coinage would bring a flood of silver here from Mexico, Central and South America and Europe. This is vigorously disputed by silver men, who argue that as our coinage ratio is 16 to 1, while in Europe it is 15½ to 1, no such movement could occur. But they omit to state the fact that no country of the Latin union is coining silver. They are all holding their silver coin to a parity with gold by restricting the coinage of full legal tender silver. There are many million ounces of silver bullion in Europe that would come here at once. Germany and Holland alone hold in store as much silver bullion as the output of all our mines for a year—bullion which has been stored ever since they demonetized silver. And the silver producing countries to the south of us would pour in a flood that would inevitably drive away the gold, and bring us to a change of standard, with all the evils to our business and our people, especially the working class, which must follow any currency derangement.

OUR COLORED OKLAHOMA.

If the colored population of Oklahoma increases as rapidly within the next twelve months as it has in the past year, 50,000 Afro-Americans will have taken up their residence there. Already it is becoming the mecca of thousands of negroes throughout the South and Southwest. The rich free lands of that region have caused an immense immigration and the whites are practically in the minority. One thousand seven hundred lots in the city of Langston have been sold, and not a lot in the city is owned by a white man. At Guthrie, out of a population of 8,000, 3,000 of them are blacks.

This colored immigration scheme was instituted a few months ago by E. P. McCABE, and so far he has been eminently successful in turning Oklahoma into an American Liberia. As the colored people go in, the whites go out. By the system which Mr. McCABE has inaugurated, immigration is discouraged unless the immigrant is prepared to live one year upon his own resources. The great trouble throughout the West, and especially in Oklahoma, is that many poor whites went there without the necessary funds to live upon the first year, and the result was that they were thrown upon the charity of their neighbors. The negroes, so far, have proved thrifty and ambitious, and not the subjects of charity. Mr. McCABE says, concerning the political future of Oklahoma:

> At present we are Republicans, but the time will soon come when we will be able to dictate the policy of this territory, or state, and when that time comes we will have a negro state governed by negroes. We do not wish to antagonize the whites. They are necessary in the development of a new country, but they owe my race homes, and my race owes to itself governmental control of those homes.

There is no reason to disbelieve Mr. McCABE, and his scheme will undoubtedly result in making a state out of Oklahoma, populated by negroes and governed by them.

AND now the Jersey mosquitos have caused a panic. It is feared they have spread leprosy from an infected Chinaman in the Snake Hill region. It is expected that the Jersey legislature at its coming session this winter will pass an act making it absolutely necessary for every man who is bitten to kill this venomous reptile at once.

THE "PROHIBITED DISTRICTS" IN CHICAGO.

It is not generally known that there are several districts within the huge area embraced in the corporate limits of Chicago, in which absolute prohibition is not only the law, but it is well enforced. Illinois has a local option law, and the districts, before annexation to Chicago, adopted prohibition under it. When the city extended its boundaries, it was expressly provided that this state of things should not be disturbed. One of these "prohibited districts," as they are there termed, is Hyde Park, in which is the principal portion of the square mile upon which the World's Fair of 1893 will be held.

No sooner was the location settled, than the liquor interests of Chicago went actively to work to upset prohibition in Hyde Park. The idea that there should be no intoxicants sold in the immediate vicinity of the great exhibition, which will last six months and will attract millions of visitors, not only from all over the United States but from the civilized world, was simply intolerable to them. Money was secured, good lawyers engaged, and a case was prepared and taken into the courts. It was hotly pushed and stubbornly contested. The result was a complete defeat of the rum element. The validity of the provision of the annexation act, which provides that the "prohibited districts" shall so remain, was fully affirmed by the court.

The situation is an extremely interesting one. Chicago is the only large city which has within its limits areas in which prohibition is the rule. These "prohibited districts" are suburban villages, but the city is steadily growing around them; their streets are continuous with those of the main city, and they are in all respects integral parts of Chicago. But the saloon does not exist within their borders, as no license can be granted for one; nor are surreptitious saloons allowed to exist. It is thus shown to be possible that thriving portions of our most driving and progressive American city shall prosper without saloons, and that without any detriment to their growth and their prosperity.

The worst feature of the rum traffic is the saloon, because of the evil influence it exerts upon the masses, especially the young. There are thousands of confirmed drunkards in the United States to-day who would never have touched liquor had it not been for these kindergartens of evil, giving opportunity for the beginnings of this vice. It may be said that the absence of saloons in these Chicago "prohibiting districts" is of little importance, as those who wish to drink can go into the city proper to obtain liquor. This is true; but only a man who is a slave to the habit would take the trouble to do so. The others will not, and the temptation to drink is removed from the pathway of boys and young men.

It is a point which the apologists for the liquor traffic carefully avoid, that in the prohibition states the only men who take the trouble necessary to obtain liquor through evasion of the law are those who are already addicted to the vice—men who are slaves to the habit. Other men do not; and where prohibition shall be maintained until the generation wedded to the habit shall have passed away, the violation of the law will largely cease, because of the lack of demand for Rum. The abolition of the saloon as an institution—that is, the prohibition of any sale of liquor in small quantities, to be drank on the premises—would be one of the heaviest blows that could possibly be dealt in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

ENGLISH CHEAP LABOR.

At the recent Dockers Congress at Hull, England, TOM MANN, the noted English labor leader, who acted as president of the Congress, told some startling facts concerning the industrial situation of Great Britain. Mr. MANN is known as one of the conservative English leaders of labor, and he evidently did not exaggerate the matter of which he spoke. It is strong testimony in favor of protection and against free trade in England. The report of his address in a Tory newspaper—the London *Standard*, contains the following interesting paragraph:

> Railway men were still working from 20 to 45 hours at a stretch, to the detriment of their own health and the danger of the public. Chemical workers were being compelled, by the force of capitalism, to work seven shifts a week, of twelve hours per shift, and many under such unhealthy conditions that merely to hear them recounted was sufficient to make one's blood curdle, so horrible were the particulars furnished. In that very county of Yorkshire young children were compelled to work as half-timers before they had got even a smattering of book knowledge, still less the foundations laid of a real education. In the same trades married women spent their time instead of attending to their homes, the reason being that the husband could not earn sufficient to keep the family in the barest necessities. There were thousands of fathers in the Yorkshire textile trade who did not average more than sixteen shillings per week. The low wages made it necessary for trade unionists to supplement their wages in the purchase of adulterated articles, made and distributed under conditions that violated trade union principles.

WHY THEY WEEP.

The farmers of North Dakota are wailing and weeping and gnashing their teeth, and Mr. MILLS should go to them at once. His hand, perhaps, is the only one that can hold out solace to them, and in this hour of their despair and despondency, cheer up their aching hearts and weary souls, by telling them that they are on the verge of bankruptcy, ruin and close to the poor house. Not because the Dakota farmer has not great crops with wonderful yield per acre, not that his wheat does not bring good prices, but because in this hour of dire distress, he cannot get the monster product threshed and into market. There are not machines enough in all Dakota to thresh the grain in stack and shock. This is why ROGER QUAMITY MILLS ought to go to Dakota to preach those doctrines which have so utterly failed with Ohio people.

IT is interesting to learn from a press anecdote that an American who called upon Tennyson was corrected by the poet for his use of "awfully," declared to be an "Americanism" which was as objectionable to the Laureate as the slang use of the adjective "bloody." It happens that the slang use of both these words is of cockney derivation, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. Nevertheless it is satisfactory to learn that the American citizen who had adopted either specimen of English slovenliness, was properly crushed by the Laureate. We can forgive the latter his inaccuracy with regard to the origin of the terms, in view of the pertinence of his reproof.

THE New York *Sun* is hard up for campaign material. Here is a late specimen of its imbicility, published under the head "A Chance to Get Even."

> If the World's Fair had been held here there would have been the greatest boom in all branches of business that New York has ever seen. There would have been a greater demand for labor than there ever was before in New York.
>
> Hundreds of thousands of citizens would have made something by the coming of the Fair to this town. Hundreds of thousands of citizens would have got instruction and amusement for themselves and their families if the Fair had been held within easy reach of the vast population that clusters about this city.
>
> They have been defrauded of money and of pleasure by Thomas C. Platt.
>
> How many of them are going to vote for Thomas Platt's shadow?

THE TIN PLATE LIARS.

The steady retreat of the Democratic free trade tin plate liars from position to position in Ohio, during the present campaign, has been amusing. When the campaign began, they took the ground that no tin plate was made in America; that while there was some talk about tin plate factories, it was all for Republican political capital, and that nobody had any intention of making tin plate; that there was no tin to be found in the United States, and consequently no "American tin" could be made.

Then came the proof that the St. Louis Stamping Works; Norton Bros., of Chicago; the N. & G. Taylor company, Philadelphia; the works at Demmler and at Apollo, Pa., and others, were manufacturing tin plate.

Then the tin plate liars retreated, and acknowledged that there was some tin plate made in this country; but they asserted that the factories were small, and that they were put up simply for campaign purposes—that they were "toy tin works," intended solely for political effect.

Then they declared that all the tin plate that was made in America was made from block tin imported from the straits of Malacca, and that the black steel plates dipped therein were made a broad.

This was promptly met by showing that the Cornish tin mines in Great Britain furnish only about one-seventh of the block tin needed by the manufacturers of that country, and that the remaining six-sevenths used is imported from the straits of Malecca; and the Democrats were asked if block tin were imported to make tin plate in Great Britain, why it could not be to make tin plate in the United States?

Next came the shipments of block tin from the Temescal mines of California, and the tin plate liars quietly stopped saying that there was no tin found in American mines.

The other part of the lie—that the black sheets were imported—was very promptly disproved by the showing that the works at Demmler and Apollo, Pa., at St. Louis and some other points, all rolled their own plate from American steel.

Then came the opening of the tin plate mill at Piqua, Ohio, and the dipping of some sheets by Major MCKINLEY at a meeting there. Because some lead had been borrowed to mix with the tin, the Ohio Democrats started the lie that it was not tin plate at all; that sheets of corrugated iron were dipped in melted lead, and consequently the whole thing a political humbug.

This was promptly disproved by showing that terne plate, used in roofing, is always coated with a mixture of lead and tin, the lead being added to give greater durability to the roof. The Democrats were shown that they did not know what they were talking about; that all terne plate is made in this way. It was also shown that the sheets which were dipped in it were rolled in Piqua, and that the machinery there can, as was shown by an actual test, roll sheets of steel so thin that it takes 50 of them to make an inch in thickness, making them much thinner than any tin plate manufactured. This settled the point that we can roll steel of the proper gauge, and the Democrats once again retired in confusion.

Then came their statement which admitted that terne plate is made in the United States, and made of American materials; but the lie was evolved that no "bright" tin, such as is used for household utensils, fruit cans, etc., was made in the United States.

This lie was promptly refuted by the United States Tin Plate and Stamping company at Demmler, Pa., sending Governor CAMPBELL, by express, a box of bright tin plates. To prevent any evasion by the governor, this was billed as "American tin plate," and the governor, in signing the receipt, put his signature to the statement that he had received, in good order, a box of "American tin plate" from the manufacturers.

The Democrats are now thrown back to their last ditch. They now claim that there is not enough tin plate manufactured to supply the American market. This is true to-day, but it will not be true very long. It takes time and money to establish an industry. It took the United States fifteen years to create a steel-rail industry capable of supplying the entire demand of the country, but from the establishment of the first steel rail mill, the price of steel rails went steadily downward, and the average price for the past two or three years has been lower than ever before in the world's history. In point of fact, they are as low as they can be manufactured, to allow the manufacturers to obtain a fair profit, either in England or the United States. The same thing will be true of tin plate, only it will not take so many years to establish it firmly and to furnish all the tin plate we need. The fierce warfare that has been waged upon the industry by the unpatriotic free traders of this country has given the industry an enormous anvertisement, and sagacious men everywhere are turning their attention to the business.

THE Hon. HENRI WATTERSON states in a recent interview, that this country must abandon the system of raising money by levying protective taxes. He adds that the United States would then adopt the English method of putting duties on non-competitive articles, such as coffee, tea, sugar and other things which we do not produce in this country. This is just what the Republican party has been fighting against for many years, and also just what the Democratic party has in platform and on the stump stated would not occur. Mr. WATTERSON also says that direct taxes could not be levied. To this the Chicago *Tribune* replies that he is mistaken, for the Constitution especially authorizes where necessary, direct taxation, and such direct taxes were levied during the war of the rebellion. Thanks to the McKinley method of collecting customs in vogue to-day, this direct tax was last winter paid back to the states from which it was collected.

THE call of the meeting of the Republican national committee at Washington, on November 23, has in it the suggestion that the next national convention of the Republican party will be held some time during May. There is a general demand on the part of the Republicans of the nation that an early convention shall be held. They have no fear of a long campaign. The contest of 1892 will be fought out upon the principles of protection, a continuation of the McKinley tariff and for an honest undepreciated currency. Under such a platform of principles, defeat will be impossible.

CONGRESSMAN OTIS'S new scheme provides for the coinage free and unlimited of gold, silver, paper and copper. Citizens of the United States having old wash boilers and tea kettles of ancient pattern will please save them, for there will be a great boom in those articles of junk when Mr. OTIS'S bill becomes a law.

OVER the grave of PARNELL the Irish party should bury all differences.

BABIES IN POLITICS.

There is much good sense in a recent editorial in the Washington *Post* under the caption "Paregoric Politics." It has reference to the birth of the Cleveland baby. The *Post* mentions the fact that alleged Democratic statesmen are throwing up their hats in honor of the arrival, and Democratic conventions "with jackass solemnity are framing resolutions congratulating the country over the event," and continues, that the Democratic organs which were recently expressing vigorous opinions about Baby MCKEE, are nauseating in the hogwash about Baby CLEVELAND.

We agree with the *Post* most emphatically. When President HARRISON went into the White House accompanied by his daughter and his grandson, the Democratic press throughout the country, thinking to bring the administration into ridicule, continually wrote long-winded masses of clap-trap concerning Baby MCKEE. Not having any other issue, and failing completely to find anything in President HARRISON'S administration to criticise, they entered the sacred precincts of his private life to bring out the baby, which they, figuratively speaking, took by the heels and tossed about from sanctum to sanctum with ungodly glee.

All this rot about GROVER CLEVELAND'S baby is a parody on American institutions. The birth of a prince in England or a more despotic country might be the signal for salvos of artillery, military display and general rejoicing, all of which is spurred on more or less by fear. But in America, thank God, we have no princes or princesses. No matter how high born, or who the parents are, the child must get out into the world and hustle to achieve greatness. GROVER CLEVELAND'S baby may be bright and pretty and all that, but she is no better than thousands of babies throughout this broad land, and Baby MCKEE will not be one whit more successful in life from having been nurtured in the White House than he would had he been born and bred in an Indiana back township or on an Illinois prairie, as was ABRAHAM LINCOLN. It is time for this disgusting display of toadyism to cease.

DECIDED AGAINST SOCIALISM.

Judge PASCHAL, of Texas, recently decided against granting naturalization papers to one RICHARD V. SAUER, an allen who confessed under examination to being an admirer of JOHANN MOST, and to having advanced Socialistic ideas. The judge questioned him closely as to his understanding and belief in the Constitution of the United States, but the applicant confessed remarkable ignorance. The judge refused to grant the papers, remarking that the ideas expounded were unpracticable, un-American and dangerous to society. The judge said among other things in giving his reasons why he refused the papers:

> He (Sauer) repelled these suggestions with derision and scorn, maintaining his right to his views. I informed him that while it was true that he or any native or naturalized citizen had an undisputed right to such sentiments and to their free utterance, as well as to any other views they might entertain upon the government, yet when a foreigner openly confesses to have such opinions and, declaring his intention to promulgate and carry them out, seeks to be admitted to American citizenship, it would be contrary to his oath of naturalization and violative of the spirit and principles on which this government is founded, and depends for its welfare, to admit him to citizenship. For these reasons, and because I am of the opinion that the time is upon us when the perpetuity and safety of our free institutions and our constitutional government in the land, as well as the good order and happiness of the people, demand that those who apply for the privilege, honor and distinction of becoming American citizens should be free from doctrines which are not only subversive of constitutional government and our free institutions, but of organized society itself, have I deemed it wise and meet to deny the application of Richard V. Sauer, who he harbors such views, to become a citizen of the United States of America.

The decision has created great excitement in the Western part of Texas, but meets with the popular approval of all true American citizens, whether foreign born or native.

SHE WANTS INDEPENDENCE.

With fierce double leads and two columns of space, the strong Tory organ of Canada—the Toronto *Empire*—bewails the conditions existing between the United States and the Dominion by which this country is so much better off. Canada's debt per capita of her population is over $50, while that of the United States per capita is under $13. The *Empire* does not see in these facts anything particularly detrimental to Canada, though it expresses a desire and a hope that things will be better in the future. It is a fact that Canada is being every year sapped to its very vitals by sustaining an enormously expensive government, keeping up more machinery for the Province than is necessary in the whole United States. Popular government in Canada is more or less, as it always has been, in a dependency of England, farcical.

What Canada really needs for a betterment of her condition is an elimination of much of the "one man power," which is in vogue, and in addition to the franchise which will give the people direct control of her public affairs and not leave them in the hands of the gang of soulless schemers and plotters. This can never come while she is dependent upon the English government to any extent. Independence will give her these results and nothing else.

EVERYWHERE the business men are looking upon the future with confidence. In every direction the skies are clear, and the prospects for a good round profitable year's trade are excellent, and consequently Democratic disaster is certain. That party never thrives save in times of calamity and trade depression.

THE iron market has long been recognized as the barometer of trade. In this connection the following fact is significant: The output of our iron furnaces is over 181,000 tons weekly, a production which has never been exceeded in this country save in one instance. More than this, the consumption is equal to the production.

THE persistent Democratic lie that BLAINE does not support the new tariff has at last had emphatic refutation by Mr. BLAINE himself. His letter on the subject agrees exactly with the refutation of this falsehood THE BLADE published editorially several weeks ago.

A CHICAGO man has committed suicide in a mad moment because of smoking cigarettes. He would have pleased a large and feeling public if he had committed suicide before he fell into the cigarette habit.

HENRY WATTERSON is receiving lectures for giving away the Democratic scheme to tax articles we cannot produce in this country if the protective system were abolished.

☞ THE New York *Mail and Express* inquires: "It is true that the Democrats have "raised de Brice" of votes in Ohio?" CAMPBELL knows all about it. Ask him.

HELEN GOUGAR is talking three hours at a stretch for the Third party. What a good thing it is she wasn't at the W. C. T. U. convention here.

SHERMAN AND FORAKER.

That was a notable Republican gathering which packed Cincinnati's superb Music Hall to the doors to listen to speeches by Senator SHERMAN and ex-Governor FORAKER. The occasion was an inspiring one, and the tremendous cheers, which greeted the two great Ohio leaders as they came marching arm in arm into the great hall, followed by the two great Republican organizations of the city—the Blaine and Lincoln clubs—showed that the audience realized the full significance of the occasion.

Senator SHERMAN'S speech treated equally of the two great national issues in the present campaign—the tariff and the currency. Ex-Governor FORAKER discussed the tariff and state issues. Certainly no Democrat dare say that the Republicans of Ohio are shirking the protection issue. Protection is the declared policy of the Republican party, both state and national, and that party does not sink its declared principles for policy, as Governor CAMPBELL is trying to sink the currency question.

The policy of cowardly silence as to state issues, which is one of the conspicuous features of the Democratic campaign, must either be speedily abandoned by the Democrats under the fierce fire of FORAKER and other Republican speakers, or it will be accepted as confession of inability to meet the charges of extravagance, mismanagement and blundering, and consequently of their truth. The case is similar with regard to the scoundrelly plan to Michiganize Ohio, if the Democrats shall, by hook or crook, obtain control of the next legislature.

That the Republican campaign in Hamilton county is in splendid shape was fully demonstrated by the Music Hall meeting. The local differences, which have in some things made the Blaine and Lincoln clubs rivals, have no bearing in this campaign, and the fact was made emphatic by the two clubs, 500 strong, marching through the streets together and entering the hall, headed by the two eminent men, arm in arm, whose possible antagonism has been almost the only Democratic hope of victory in Ohio. The last fortnight of the campaign opens most auspiciously.

MORE GERMAN CONCESSIONS.

A unofficial announcement has been made from Washington bringing cheering news to the agricultural community of this country. It is that the negotiations of Count VON MUNN, with Secretary RUSK and Gen. J. W. FOSTER have resulted in a reciprocal treaty with Germany, by which the Berlin government allows our wheat and flour to enter all German ports free of duty. This treaty is to go into effect, it is stated, on the first of January next.

It is because the United States has under the new tariff act of 1890 held the whip hand on Germany, that this new concession has been brought about. According to the reciprocity section of the new law, the President would have discretionary power on January first, to again impose a duty on German beet sugar, which is just now the great export of that country to the United States. It was partially through fear that she did not remove her tariff off American wheat and flour that this duty would be reimposed that Germany has endorsed this treaty.

Germany could not well afford to lose the market for beet sugar, which is rapidly being opened up in this country under the present tariff, and with a heavy duty on foreign wheat and flour coming from the United States, her population could not be readily provided with food owing to the short crops in Europe this year. This treaty is another endorsement of the benefits of the McKinley tariff law.

MRS. THURMAN DEAD.

The venerable Judge ALLEN W. THURMAN has the sincere sympathy and condolence of his fellow citizens in the death of his most estimable wife. The loss is irreparable, and it may well be feared that the aged Senator, whose constitution is enfeebled, will not long survive her. Married in 1844, she has been to Judge THURMAN all that every good wife can be to her husband—a helpmate through his long legal and political career, her sympathy upholding him in his labors, her consolations supporting him in times of weariness and discouragement, and her presence a comfort and an inspiration at all times. Death has severed the bonds knit by nearly half a century of close and affectionate companionship, and even the loving care and ministrations of children and friends can not fill the void created, nor can their sympathy and esteem soothe the grief of the bereaved husband, bowed under the weight of advancing years.

ONE TON A DAY.

Mr. GEORGE E. GARD, United States marshal at Los Angles, Cal., on October 9, sent the following telegram to Hon. WM. HAHN, at Columbus:

LOS ANGELES, Cal., October 9.

Wm Hahn:

On Wednesday, 7th, I saw 84 bars of pig tin, each weighing 60 pounds, moulded at the Temescal tin mines. The daily out is now fully one ton. It will be doubled within two months. There are only six unnaturalized foreigners out of the 110 employed now at the mines. Affidavits mailed this day. More to-morrow.

GEORGE E. GARD,
United States Marshal.

This dispatch shows still more conclusively than the evidence already produced, that America can produce pig tin to an extent almost equal to many of the mines of Cornwall, and that this new industry does provide labor and employment for American citizens. The tin industry is still in its swaddling clothes, but within a few short months will have taken its place among the leading industries of this country, thanks to the McKinley tariff bill.

AMONG all of the tributes to the memory of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, one of the most fervent in feeling and expression is that of W. T. STEAD, the editor of that excellent magazine, *The Review of Reviewers*. He writes from the standpoint of one who was helped to higher standards in living by the words and example of the poet and scholar, and the words in which he expresses his gratitude are not doled out in any meager measure. He does not hesitate to say that "neither on the one side of the Atlantic nor on the other is there any poet left us whose verse is instinct with so much inspiration, or one who has in him so much of the seer of these latter days. He was only a lad of fifteen when he first felt the inspiration of Lowell's word, and from that time on until he reached manhood and thereafter, he found health, strength and comfort in his utterances. Mr. STEAD calls Lowell's interpretations of Christ's teachings "a real gospel with grip in it, which is far from cut and dried dogmas."

MARION BUTLER, president of the North Carolina State Farmers' Alliance, was one of the converts at a religious revival in Clinton, N. C., last week. Now he wants to complete the good work by coming back into the Republican fold.

WOULD you like to be the King of Siam? He is attended by a body guard composed exclusively of 4,000 of the prettiest young women in his realm.

PROTECTION IN THE SOUTH.

The cotton-planters of the South are waking up to the advantages of the protective system. The Charleston, South Carolina, *News and Courier*, a Democratic paper, demands a protective duty on the finer grades of imported unmanufactured cotton, so as to keep at home millions of dollars that annually go to Egypt. It declares that the South can produce enough of this kind of cotton to supply the home demand, and thinks it right that the domestic industry should be protected. The principle is a sound one; the demand should be granted. But will the Democratic House, which meets next December, yield it?

Cotton is a "raw material," and the Democratic party demands that no duties shall be imposed on raw materials. The American growers of fine cotton should have protection against the cheap labor of Egypt. Low as are the wages of negro hands in Southern cotton fields, they are twice that paid the Egyptian fellahs, whose labor raises this cotton. It is cheering to find that modern ideas have at last penetrated the intense conservatism of the South. CALHOUN was one of our earliest free traders, and he was a South Carolinian. The people of the South were free traders in the old slave days, and the constitution of the Confederate states declared that no duty should be imposed on imported goods except for revenue. Yet here is a Democratic paper in South Carolina clamoring for protection on behalf of cotton planters! The demand is right, and should be granted.

JAMES PARTON

Though JAMES PARTON had retired years ago from active literary labor, the news of his death recalls him to thousands of Americans. He was a biographer and magazine writer of more than average popularity thirty years ago; and the list of his works is not only numerous, but embraces many books of the widest popularity in their day. English by birth, he was brought to America in early childhood, and grew up with the views and sympathies of an American; and his works were distinctly so. His earliest book was a biography of HORACE GREELEY, first published in 1854, which was enormously popular. He married the sister of N. P. WILLIS, well known to the ante-bellum literary world under her pen-name of "FANNY FERN." His style of work was distinctly journalistic rather than severely scholastic, being bright, chatty and pleasant, and therefore popular. He died in his 69th year.

IN discussing the return of the great quantity of gold which went to Europe earlier in the year *The Manufacturer* says that "The gold is returning to us because a wise tariff-act has made it difficult for Europeans to pay with commodities for their purchases from us; because we have a large surplus of food while Europe has a short supply; but also, it returns because the presence here of a large volume of silver currency creates conditions which attract the other precious metal. It is a fact upon which too much emphasis cannot be placed, that the nation did not miss the gold, which went abroad without producing any disturbance of American business, and that to-day the European dread of losing gold finds here no corresponding exultation because we are gaining it. The business of this nation stands steadily and without apprehension of shock, because it rest upon both metals instead of leaning upon one."

THAT is a strange story told by two Chilian officers, now *en route* by way of this country for Europe, that the dictator BALMACEDA is not dead, but escaped from the country and is now safely in Europe. It is impossible to understand what purpose could be served by this tale, if it be not true; while on the other hand the details of BALMACEDA'S suicide, and of the proceedings at Valparaiso at that time, were so full and minute, as to render it extremely improbable that he can be alive.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, the noted mugwump, is out against Tammany in a letter that blisters and scorches that "conspiracy against honest government," as one prominent Democrat has described Tammany. The question now arises whether Mr. CURTIS still holds such a high opinion of GROVER CLEVELAND as he did a few years ago—for the latter indorses Tammany, and has made strong speeches indorsing the ticket.

THE plan proposed by Census Superintendent PORTER for a permanent Census Bureau, will be brought before Congress next winter. The argument in favor of this plan is that it will give a corps of clerks and trained experts in statistical and census work, the lack of which has been the chief cause of any inefficiency that might be attached to the work of the present Census department.

THE death of PARNELL should have been the signal for an union of the two factions of the Irish party. This would have made the "uncrowned King," through his own death, the savior of his country. The indications are, however, that the senseless strife will continue, and the cause of Ireland retrograde in consequence.

GEN. MILES'S statement of the reasons for the Sioux outbreak of a year ago is an arraignment of the United States government and of its traditional policy of dealing with the red men. There needs to be an absolute change in this regard. The Indian should be civilized instead of being supported in idle savagery.

IT looks a little as though the American eagle should show his claws at Valparaiso. The row on shore, caused by the attacks of Chilians on American sailors, and the insults heaped upon the American officers while the latter were getting their men back to their vessel, should not pass unchallenged.

DEMOCRACY in Chicago is the same as in New York—it is trying to win rather by unblushing fraud than by the honest suffrages of the citizens. It has just been discovered that there is an enormous illegal registration in the Windy city.

THE wageworkers in the glass and pottery industries, as well as those in iron and steel, are showing their disgust at Governor CAMPBELL'S frequent talks against them and the industries in which they work.

FRANK J. CARROLAN, of San Francisco, has struck the softest snap yet. He's going to marry a daughter of the millionaire palace car, PULLMAN. Just think of the fun he'll have bossing the sleeping car porters.

IT may be that GROVER CLEVELAND named his daughter RUTH, in order that she might help him glean in the delegates for the next Democratic national convention.

ITALY has decided to have nothing to do with the World's Fair at Chicago. She will be about the only country of any importance in the world that is not "in it."

FOUR NEW PICTURES!

Every reader of THE BLADE is requested to read the announcement at the head of the "Publisher's Desk" column, on the next page, the announcement of our four new pictures. They are simply exquisite, and we hope the homes of thousands of THE BLADE'S readers will be adorned by them this fall.

"THE TARIFF IS A TAX."

Governor CAMPBELL asserts, in season and out of season, that "the tariff is a tax." Let us take a few common instances, and see whether it is.

Let us try salt. The duty on imported salt is about 33 cents a barrel. The barrel costs about 25 cents. That gives 58 cents, not counting the cost of the salt itself. But you can buy a barrel of salt for 50 cents. Where does the "tax" come in? It does not come in at all, for the salt is made in this country.

A number of years ago starch sold for 10 cents a pound. A duty of 3 cents a pound was put on it, and American manufacturers went to work producing it. According to CAMPBELL, we ought to pay 13 cents a pound. But we only pay 3 to 5 cents a pound for it. The tariff is not a tax.

Ordinary calicoes pay a duty of 5½ cents a yard. You can buy it at 5 cents a yard in any city in the country. Why? Because the tariff keeps out foreign calico, and the competition among American manufacturers has brought the price down to the narrowest margin of profit for the manufacturer, and hence as cheap as possible to the consumer.

These instances can be multiplied indefinitely. The governor should point out some articles of ordinary use to support his assertion.

"YOU CAN'T."

FORAKER'S characterization of the Democracy as "the party of can't" is strong because of its absolute truth. The Democratic party said "You can't make steel rails in the United States." We put on a protective tariff, and now make all the steel rails we use—the price coming down from $150 per ton to about $32 per ton.

The Democratic party said "You can't" about cutlery. American cutlery is to-day equal to any in the world, and as cheap.

They said, "you can't" about plate glass. Ten years ago Democratic sheets were as full of denunciations of the tariff on glass as they are to-day with abuse of the tariff on tin. Our plate glass—and all other kinds—is as good as any other country in the world can make, and as cheap.

They are singing the same old starling song of "you can't" about the manufacture of tin plate, and the future is as surely to prove them liars as has been done, not only in the case of the articles above enumerated, but in many others. America will, under protection, make all the tin-plate she uses, and supply the markets of the world with it besides.

MORE TIN PLATE.

A special dispatch from San Francisco on Monday adds still more testimony to the fact that not only is this country producing tin ore, but that it is making lock tin. The dispatch says:

> George B. Tangeman, head of a large baking-powder manufactory at Cleveland, O., is in the city, having just returned from a special trip of inspection in mines in Southern California. In view of the fact that his firm uses a large quantity of tin plate in its business, his hearty indorsement of the increase in the tariff on tin plate has more than ordinary interest. He said:
>
> "I do not like to pay a higher price for tin cans any better than any other man, but after what I have seen of the tin mines I am convinced that the Republican policy, as carried out in changing the rate on tin, will have a most beneficial result in building up a new industry, which will within a few years give employment to thousands of men, and prove of lasting benefit to the entire people. I had no comprehension of the extent or value of the deposit of tin at Temescal. The company are already crushing four hundred tons of ore daily, and making thirty-five hundred pounds of block tin, and it is very evident that the work is only in its inception. Of course the industry could not hold up now without the aid of the tariff on tin plate, but with the aid of the tariff I expect to see tin mining and tin plate making put among the leading industries of this country."

CHICAGO has a mortgage indebtedness of $191,543,109, or $24,373,173 more than the farm indebtedness of the state of Kansas, and $42,703,634 more than the farm indebtedness of Iowa, and still there is no wail from the people of Chicago concerning this awful burdens They know that every dollar of it has been invested for improvements and in a manner which will give to the citizens a hundred cents return for ever $1 invested. Chicago has no use for the calamity howlers.

CONGRESSMAN OTIS, of Kansas, is taking the bull by the horns and formulating methods by which he expects to gain great prominence in the next Congress. He has already framed a bill for the issue of $2,000,000,000 of "money" as he calls it. The New York *Advertiser* suggests that Mr. OTIS build a printing press manufactory and paper mill himself.

THE W. C. T. U. of Ohio, in convention assembled in this city, did just what it ought to have done in the adoption of the resolutions, by which they will remain a non-partisan body. To have done differently would have been to have weakened the cause for which they are working, and to have tied the association to a dead political body.

THE Chicago *Inter Ocean* says:

> As Grover has broken the ice and embraced Tammany, it is thought unless the baby gets the colic he will go out to Ohio and help Cal. Brice and Campbell. They are in a tight place and are pleading eloquently to "come over to Macedonia and help us."

AS CAMPBELL has already hugged BRICE, perhaps they do not need CLEVELAND.

IN Great Britain there are 900,000 more women and girls than there are men and boys, while in the United States there are 1,000,000 more men and boys than women and girls. A large immigration of the female population of Europe may be expected when these facts are known.

THE husband of the Kiowa, Kansas, female mayor signed the petition asking for her resignation. He will probably wish he had refrained, for any women who is big enough to be mayor of a town, is big enough to make her husband dance when she plays the fiddle.

THE "once proud commerce" which Governor CAMPBELL says has been swept from the seas appears to be booming right along. Imports and exports were both larger than ever during the past five months.

THE Chicago *Mail* says, with pardonable pride, that "No other city in the world has found it necessary to restrain the towering ambition of her architects by limiting the height of business blocks."

THE advertisement of "Mr. W. D. HOWELL'S great $10,000 story" as an attraction by some newspapers, reminds us of a circus and its once "$10,000 beauty."

AND now the Clover club, of Philadelphia, is about to fall in the silly path of toadyism, and send CLEVELAND'S baby a spoon.

THE Western Union Telegraph company sent out 175,000 words of the Ada joint debate. Of course it was a great affair.

CURRENT EVENTS

A Baltimore mulatto is turning pink.

Chinese maidens pluck out their eyebrows.

There are 1,350 miles of water pipes in London.

Cats continue growing until they are a year old.

The world uses 3,500,000 steel pens every day.

Twenty-two Kansas newspapers are edited by women.

There are more Germans than Irish in the United States.

The revenue of bankrupt Egypt was £10,250,000 last year.

The human brain weighs one thirty-fifth of the whole body.

Of the twelve largest cities in the world, three are in Japan.

The president of the Swiss Republic receives but $8,000 per year.

During 1890 there were built in the United States 8,500 churches.

A million telegrams a week pass through the English postoffice.

More than a million people are treated in the hospitals of London each year.

Twelve hundred and eighteen species of mushrooms grow in Great Britain.

The barrel of the Krupp gun is fourteen feet long, and each charge costs $900.

A vinegar vat has been constructed in Tuckerton, Pa., which will hold 1,000 barrels.

A $500,000 sale of whisky recently took place at Lexington, Ky., the largest on record.

A floating jewelry store

Publishers' Desk.

FOUR ENTIRELY NEW PICTURES,

And Four Not Very Old Ones, For Blade Readers.

THE BLADE'S pictures have heretofore been very successful, and we have furnished thousands of our readers with beautiful copies of renowned paintings at prices less than half the art stores charge. We are glad to announce *four* NEW pictures now ready for mailing, as follows:

"The Roman Chariot Race," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is *in full colors*, 15x24 inches in size. It represents the mode of racing in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ, and is the most authentic representation of the favorite sport of the Roman people. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal of the races. The walls are adorned with gold statues, images of deities, reliefs and altars. The base of an obelisk, brought by Augustus from Egypt, and a triumphal arch glistening in the sunlight, add classic beauty to the picture. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses caparisoned with gorgeous trappings and driven by charioteers in bright colors, make one of the most remarkable examples of vigor and action, combined with beauty of color, detail and rare execution. The varied expressions of emotion by the Roman women in the foreground; the grace of pose; the draping of their classical robes and harmonious colors, exhibit the technical skill and rare imaginative power of this great painter.

"The Retreat from Moscow—1814," by Meissonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In *full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. The fixed look of Napoleon the Great, his contracted mouth, pose upon his horse, as well as the gloomy shade of feeling in the faces of Marshals Ney and Berthier, tell clearly the beginning of his downfall. At the head of his conquering soldiers in the midst of winter he has driven before him the Russians and penetrated into the heart of their country only to find when he arrived at the imperial city of Moscow that the inhabitants have fled, leaving every house in the city in flames. Then began that fatal retreat depicted in this great painting. The great original painting was sold in Paris within the last eighteen months for $70,000, one of the highest prices on record for a modern picture. In order to paint Napoleon correctly, Meissonier obtained the original overcoat of the Emperor from the Paris Museum, and to secure the atmospheric effect, painted this figure on the roof of his studio in a snow storm. Meissonier died in Paris, January 31, 1891.

"Christ Leaving the Prætorium," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. One of the greatest religious paintings of the century, as it is one of the most wonderful creations of the genius of Gustave Dore. The scene represents Christ descending the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction. The gaping crowd, some of them friends, others attracted by excitement, the leering Jews pressing forward with uplifted hands; the poor and wretched, who adored him, expressing the most profound sorrow; the sick whom he had healed and those who still craved his divine help all pressing forward to get one last glance at him, while the Roman soldiers, with spears and shields driving them back are graphically displayed in this wonderful picture. The reproduction is engraved with the greatest care, preserving all of the beautiful softness and vigor of the original, and has been pronounced by art critics to be equal in execution to the marked proofs sold by subscription only, for $100 each, in the Dore gallery, London.

"Women and Children First," by C. Napier Hemy, one of the first of marine artists of England, a fine photo etching, 21x28 inches. The story is here told with all the poetry of art, filling the picture with the pathos of human life, and the sublime and terrible in nature. He has covered the canvas with the tempestous ocean, with no land in sight. On the left looms up the dark side of a huge ship, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Her spars are broken, her sails hang entangled with ropes at her side, and her anchors are dragging. Directly in the front of the picture, a life boat, "The Good Samaritan," is seen, heavily laden with the brave ones while other strong men are rescuing the women and children first from the fated vessel. The climax of heroism in this admirable picture is on the deck of the wrecked vessel, where the men, looking death in the face, are shouting as she goes down, "Save the Women and Children First." The original picture was lately exhibited in the Royal Academy and for some months the best engravers knew at home to produce a fac-simile by photo-etching, thus giving to the American public a truthful copy of this wonderful original.

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier, the original of which belonged to A. T. Stewart, of New York, and was bought at the sale of his collection by Judge Hilton for $60,000, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in that city. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him in charge at the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, surrounding with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Prætorium, or palace of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face. Around him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem. On Pilate's right stands Caiaphas, the high priest, on his left, two elders, watching the proceedings. The copy we offer is 17x24 inches, in colors.

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The original was painted at the height of Turner's fame and splendid coloring and was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, for $100,000. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the stairs and a portion of the church of Santa Maria della Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice. The picture is 17x22 inches, black and white, faithfully reproducing every detail of the original.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes so that we have obtained a fresh supply, though not a large number. Order promptly if you desire a copy of this superb work of art.

Any *one* of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for **25 cents.**

Or, we will send any *five* of them you may choose for **One Dollar.**

Or, we will send you the entire *eight* pictures for **$1.50.**

Address all orders: THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

THE CAMPAIGN SEASON.

We are now preparing and arranging our terms for campaign three months' subscribers to the Weekly BLADE in clubs. We want from 20,000 to 30,000 short-time subscribers, and we are going to offer confidential terms to agents for three-months' clubs, which shall be very profitable. We want at least one person at every postoffice in the United States to act as agent. Send on a postal card an application, and we will send our confidential terms by mail. This will give you an opportunity to make several dollars by a very few days' work. Our campaign terms for club subscribers to the Weekly BLADE will be very low. Send for our confidential terms, and when you apply, don't forget to ask also for a sample copy of the Weekly BLADE

TO BOYS WHO WISH TO MAKE POCKET MONEY.

A considerable demand has sprung up in many quarters for copies of the Weekly BLADE, to be sold on the streets in towns and cities. This demand is increasing, and we refer to it here because we think many boys and young men—boys in school, for instance—can make some spending-money by selling the Weekly BLADE in the town or city in which they may live.

If you wish to try it, write us a letter asking for terms and instructions for selling the Weekly BLADE on the streets Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE NEW TARIFF LAW.

Last fall we printed the new tariff law, occupying nearly four of THE BLADE'S pages, and sold many thousand copies. The Ohio campaign has renewed the demand; so we have just issued a new edition, which is now ready. It contains the full text of the McKinley bill, as it became a law, and as it now stands in the United States Statutes—complete and unabridged.

To make it the more useful, we have added notes to the different schedules, showing the *changes* from the old law—thus making it invaluable to every one who desires full information.

We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for 4 cents. Send *two* 2-cent stamps.

Or, we will send two copies for 5 cents in stamps.

Or, *one dozen* copies for 25 cents.

Send in your orders at once for copies of "the new tariff law," inclosing the stamps with the order. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

MAJOR McKINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have just prepared a magnificent portrait of Major Wm. McKinley, the famous champion of the protective policy and the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio. It is by all odds the finest portrait we have ever offered our readers. It is 21½x28 inches in size, and will be an ornament to the walls of any home. Every one of our subscribers in Ohio will want one, and we anticipate a large demand from Republicans all over the United States who admire and honor Mr. McKinley.

We will send a copy to any one by mail post paid, in a stout pasteboard tube to assure its safety, for 25 cents.

Or we will send a copy of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months and one of these McKinley portraits for 35 cents. The price of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months is 25 cents; hence we offer the portrait for ten cents additional when taken in connection with THE BLADE. This offer, however, cannot be made except the money for both THE BLADE and portrait come at one time.

Send in your orders immediately! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

OUT OF PRINT.

All our copies of "Social Etiquette," by Miss Bouton, are sold; and there is no use of sending in any further orders for the book as we cannot fill them. It is out of print.

We have a few copies left of Miss Bouton's Health and Beauty." When these are gone, this book will also be out of print. Those who desire a copy of this, Miss Bouton's best book, should order immediately, before the few still remaining on hand are disposed of. The price is $1 per copy, postpaid by mail. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

We have published five different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Gen. Grant.
RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Calvin.
EMINENT MEN—Benjamin Harrison.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

Any one portrait..... 25c
Any three portraits..... 50c

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address
THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

AMERICAN TIN PLATE.

Its Manufacture a Fact—Some Statements for the "Tin Plate Liars" to Ponder Over.

Boston Journal.

There does not seem to be a necessity for carrying on any longer a discussion of the question whether or not the American manufacture of tin plates has begun. This is a simple question of fact, to be determined like any other question of fact. We give below a list of tin plate establishments:

1. Somerton Tin Plate Works, Somers Brothers, Brooklyn, New York.
2. Penn Treaty Iron Works, Marshall Bros. & Co., Kensington, Philadelphia.
3. Locust Point Iron and Steel Works, Coates & Co., Baltimore, Md.
4. F. H. Laufman & Co., Lim., Apollo, Pa.
5. United States Iron and Tin Plate works, Demmler Station, McKeesport, Pa.
6. Fleming & Hamilton, Pittsburg, Pa.
7. West Penn. Steel works, Jennings Bros. & Co., lim., Allegheny, Pa.
8. The Irondale Rolling mills, Wallace, Banfield & Co., lim., Irondale, Jefferson Co., Ohio.
9. Falcon Iron and Nail company, Niles, Ohio.
10. American Galvanizing works, Wm. T. Simpson & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
11. The Britton Rolling Mill company, Cleveland, Ohio.
12. The Anderson Tin Plate company, C. B. Orvis, Anderson, Ind.
13. American Tin Plate company, Elwood, Ind.
14. Norton Brothers, Chicago, Ill.
15. Lewiston Works, Joliet, Ill.
16. The St. Louis Stamping company, St. Louis, Mo.
17. N. & G. Taylor company, Philadelphia.
18. The Cincinnati Corrugating company, Piqua, Ohio.
19. The Welsh-American Tin Plate company, Philadelphia.
20. D. M. Fair, Blairsville, Pa.

Concerning these establishments the Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel association makes the following report: Nos. 2, 4 and 5 are the only makers of tin plates or terne plates or both, from their own black plates, their present united capacity being 350 boxes per day. No. 16 has made tin plates from its own black plates, but has been stopped while its plant was being enlarged. Nos. 1, 3, 8, 11, 13, 14 and 15 are getting ready to roll black plates and convert them into tin plates and terne plates, and will soon be in operation, their daily capacity when in operation being 2,065 boxes. Nos. 6, 10 and 17 are now making tin plates or terne plates from purchased black plates, their daily capacity being 190 boxes. No. 12 is now ready to make tin plates from purchased black plates, its capacity being from 45 to 50 boxes daily. No. 9, which now rolls black plates, proposes to make both tin plates and terne plates in the near future. No. 18 has made terne plates experimentally, but has not yet perfected its plant, and Nos. 19 and 20 have been projected for the manufacture of tin plates and terne plates.

Here is a succinct statement of facts from the leading organ of the metal trades. It does not appear to us that it can be disposed of by scoffs or derision, or by childish reiteration of the silly declaration that "American tin plate is a myth." If this statement is inaccurate, its errors can be shown. But if it accurate, as there is every reason for believing it to be, it shows that the American tin plate manufacture is already an established fact, and it gives good ground for the hope that within a comparatively short time we shall be wholly independent of the Welsh tin plate monopoly.

Substitute for Steel.

An odd cargo of African vegetable fibre, tough as steel itself, is being landed in Philadelphia from the Italian bark Nuova Mondo. The vessel brought 2,230 bales of it from Oran, an Algerian seaport in the Mediterranean Sea. The fibre has been found to be so elastic that it can be used as a substitute for springs and the like in the manufacture of furniture backs and seats. It is expansive and so easily affected by higher temperatures in its dry state that the bales are held in place by bands of heavy steel.

The peculiarity of the is grass that it thrives only around the volcanic mountain slopes of Oran and flourishes up to within a short distance of the craters themselves. The latter are always in a semi-active state, and the earth around is so warm that not a plant of any kind can thrive or is ever seen to grow except this steel-like plant. When dry and flattened out it will pierce a body like an arrow.

They Resumed.

A Hastings street girl isn't troubled by her father any more now when the young men come around in the evening. About a month ago she was having a charming time with a young fellow from Jefferson avenue, when they heard the old gentlemen shuffling around at the head of the stairs. They stopped talking and then they heard his voice.

"Mary," it called, complainingly.

"Yes, papa," said Mary.

"Didn't I hear the clock down there strike 11 a few minutes ago?"

"No, papa," she replied, sweetly; "not unless you were out in the hall listening, instead of being in bed, where you ought to be."

Then they heard him shuffling away, and they resumed operations.—[Detroit Free Press.

Petroleum as Fuel.

Reports are received by the Bureau of American Republics to the effect that the experiment of using petroleum for fuel on the Oroya railroad in Peru has proved successful. The trials were made at an altitude of 8,500 feet above the sea with the locomotives from the Rogers Works of Paterson, N. J. The oil used is not crude petroleum, but a residuum oil. In the trials the average consumption was 28.88 pounds per mile. It is reported that the Oroya railway company has decided to use oil fuel on all of their locomotives.

When Winter Comes.

The chilly days are drawing nigh
When Autumn shall be dead—
When butter will be hard to buy,
And likewise hard to spread.
—[Oil City Blizzard.

Science Causerie.

Dissipating Fog.

W. N. Jennings writes as follows in *Electricity*:

"At midnight September 5, last, I noticed flashes of lightning illuminating my bedroom. A camera was loaded and an excursion into the country taken, hoping to obtain a few new photographs of Jove's handiwork. The night was very foggy, and the flashes of light (very frequent and vivid) gave only blurred images of trees in the foreground. At 1:30 a. m., as I was about despairing of obtaining photographs, a sudden streak of lightning shot right through the fog, followed by a heavy peal of thunder, and in less than thirty seconds the fog had entirely disappeared, being precepitated by the electricity in the atmosphere.

In these rain-producing days perhaps some inventive genius will take a hint from this occurence for the dissipation of fog on a large scale by introducing large power-driven Holtz machines on shipboard, and sending a stream of electricity into the fog-laden air from various points along the rigging, thus producing a clear area in the neighborhood of the vessel. And who knows, perhaps, by an by an extension of the system, some day we may see a fogless London."

Glaciers in the Caucasus.

We learn from the Tiflis paper *Caucasus* that during an excursion to the sources of the Jiagdon, which was made recently by several explorers, no fewer than eight glaciers were discovered, six of which were not marked on the five-versts-to-the-inch map of Caucasus. They have been viewed now and sketched from Styrkhokh Pass. The southern slope of the branch ridge of the main chain, between Kazbek and the Syrkhubarzon peak, has also been sketched from the Trussoff's Pass, and it appears that several of the glaciers of this part of the chain are not represented on the great map, while perpetual snow is shown where there is none. The glaciers visited by the party proved to have very much changed their aspect since 1882. Several sulphur and iron carbonate springs were visited in the Trussoff's Valley, and several interesting Alpine flowers in bloom were collected on the passes.—[Nature.

California Rainfalls.

Rainfalls, formerly exceedingly rare, have been of frequent occurrence in the mountains of Southern California since the formation of the Salton Lake. A couple of weeks ago the rain extended to the coast and astounded the people of San Diego with an hour's heavy downpour. It was unwelcome to the people in the raisin districts, but the city residents enjoyed the novelty. The Colorado river is still flowing into the lake, and it is expected that when the winter rains begin the lake will increase in extent to three times its present size.

Canada's Geological Survey.

Canada gives to its geological survey only $60,000 a year, while the various geological surveys of our own country absorb nearly $1,000,000 annually. Yet Canada makes a fine showing with this modest sum. The annual geological records are in part records of original discovery and research, and with their fine maps and photogravures, are as interesting as many books of travel. Canada contains the largest unknown areas of the American continent.

Cable Car Patent.

A patent has been asked for a device to take passengers on the cable cars while the train is in full motion. So far as the device can be understood from the description, it is a sort of platform on wheels. The passenger stands on it, the cable car comes along, and automatic hooks catch hold of the platform and whirl it along to the next corner. By that time the passenger has taken his seat, and the platform is released and dropped for the use of the next man. It may be a great scheme, but most men would about as soon be fired out of a cannon as to be jerked up bodily by a car going at a twelve-mile gait. But it shows that inventors are equal to any emergency that may arise.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Using Aluminum.

The rapidity with which a new metal is applied to purposes hitherto undreamed of is peculiarly characteristic of our times. Among the latest evidences of its progress is the use of aluminum in the construction of soundboards for stringed musical instruments. It has been found to possess a latent quality, so it is asserted, which makes it highly valuable for this purpose, the "metallic" tones produced by the use of other metals being conspicuously absent, and it possesses an elasticity capable of sympathetic vibration uniformly through a wide range of tone piten, which renders it in this respect superior to wood. A piano-making firm in New York is now making a piano with an aluminum sounding-board, in order to test the practical worth of the discovery.

A French Explorer's Death.

It has not been known until now how the French explorer, Paul Crampel, met his death in central Africa. Some survivors of the party say he was killed treacherously in ambush. While in a village he asked for water. The natives took him to a well, and when he drew near it other natives jumped from the bush, stabbed him in the back and then threw his body into the well. The survivors, on their retreat to Brazzaville, were reduced to such extremities that they were forced to eat the leaves of trees.

Scientific Notes.

The new shipyard building by the Cramps, in Philadelphia, is to be the greatest in the world.

It is the custom in Lima, Peru, to keep animals on the roofs of houses. A calf makes its first appearance on the roof, and never descends until it comes down as beef.

Some idea of the size of the statue of William Penn that is to surmount the new city hall in Philadelphia can be gathered from the fact that the necktie is to weigh 500 pounds.

The deepest sounding yet made on the coast of Africa was off New Guinea by H. M. S. Challenger, whose 400 pound lead struck bottom at the enormous depth of 26,700 feet.

Sir William Turner, of the University of Edinburg, who has made a careful study of the whale, calculates that one 80 feet long, in order to attain a speed of twelves miles an hour, must exercise a propelling force of 145 horse power.

A 3-year-old child in Lewiston, Me., babbles in three languages—French, Swedish and English. Her father is French and her mother is a Swede. She picked up English from customers in her father's fruit store.

A gold chain was found in a lump of coal that Mrs. S. W. Culp, of Morrisonville, Ill., was about to put on her grate fire. The chain weighed eight penny-weights and was only half embedded in the coal, one end hanging loose.

The Cambrian Navigation company of Wales has recently had built for one of its coal pits a ventilating fan which is claimed to be the largest ever constructed. Under favorable conditions the fan will deliver 500,000 cubic feet of air per minute.

A recent discovery of old English weights and measures includes the two standard yards of 1758 and 1760, supposed to have been destroyed by fire in 1834. The most important missing weight—the standard troy pound—is not among those now brought to light.

The baya bird of India spends his nights catching fire flies, with which he plasters his nest. The baya does not kill the fly, but simply attaches it to his nest by means of a piece of moist clay. On a dark night a baya's nest has the appearance of an electric street lamp.

The princes of India are still able to indulge in royal whims and extravagances. One of them recently had made at Paris a bed worth £5,000. Its canopy is supported by four automatic female figures that wave fans to cool the air. The mattress is a huge musical box which, when one lies upon it, plays operatic airs.

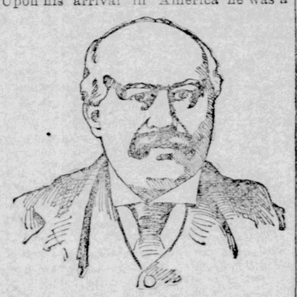
Within 48 hours in Oregon, a soda water deposit has been discovered in the Nehalem valley, near Veronia; a soap mine has been found near Chadwell on Lewis and Clarke's; crystal springs of the purest water are bubbling up on the hillside in Astoria; gold is being dug out on Genevieve street, and coal on West Eighth street in the same city.

EXPELLED FROM THE PRESIDENCY.

John Hoey No Longer at the Head of the Adams Express Company.

The surprise felt by the general public at the expulsion of John Hoey from the presidency of the Adams Express company, is not shared by the few business men who are said to have known for months that the veteran was badly involved. Mr. Hoey recognizes the right of the board of managers to vote him out of the presidency, and to take away his trusteeship, but he does not yield to them the power to remove him from membership in their own body, to which he was elected for one year in February last. A meeting of the stockholders could expel him from the board. Exact particulars of Mr. Hoey's indebtedness to the Adams Express company are not yet known.

John Hoey was born in Ireland, the son of a peasant, in 1825. He was only 10 years old when he went to Dublin to earn his own living. After a year's service with a storekeeper he became a cabin boy on a ship bound for New York. Upon his arrival in America he was a



newsboy and was altogether three years employed in newspaper work of a humble sort. Then he became an express boy. In the service of a letter expressman. In this employment he continued until the Adams Express company bought out his employer, when his services were transferred to the new concern. This was in 1841, when the Adams Express company was about a year old. Hoey was at first messenger boy for the company, then polisher of harness, driver, porter and clerk. He subsequently established an express line running to Charleston, S. C., which was subsequently merged into the business of the Adams Express company, to Mr. Hoey's considerable financial advantage. During the war Hoey made half a million dollars, most of it made by speculation. He was elected unanimously president of the Adams Express company on May 10, 1888. His elegant mansion is situated at Highland Park, N. J.

Mr. Hoey was a young man when he married an English actress named Josephine Shaw, who was filling an engagement in New York. After her marriage the lady returned to the stage and was a long time leading lady at Wallack's. Mr. Hoey has three sons and one daughter.

JOHN L. IN KANGAROO LAND.

The Bruiser's Discomfiture in Australia—Sized Up and Squelched.

John L. Sullivan, of Boston, is furnishing lots of fun to the Australian public, says the San Francisco *Examiner*.

There may be worse actors in the world than he, but audiences that saw him at the Brush street theater didn't think so, and Australian playgoers have added their verdict to that pronounced during J. Lawrence's engagement in this city.

Sullivan left San Francisco full of hope that the coin of the antipodeans would drop into his pockets with a mighty jingle, but disappointment, deep, dark and gloomy was waiting for him instead of the gold and silver he had dreamed of, and now he is over there anxiously waiting for a remittance. John L. is "broke."

Good fighters are well thought of over among the wool-growers and gold hunters, but bad acting is a drug on the market.

When the combination of which the champion poses as star reached the land of kangaroos, the bill boards blazed with wonderful lithographs, picturing the slugger in a dress suit and an æsthetic shirt.

Duncan B. Harrison was shown forth, too, in all the glory that could be spared from the star.

Sullivan and his manager, Barrett, were well received by the representatives of the sporting journals, but it was purely on account of his ability to break people's jaws and not because of his histrionic talents.

Sullivan was made a lot of until he appeared behind the footlights at Sydney. Of course there was a large audience there the first night, for no better advertised man than Sullivan ever donned a mitten or posed for the plaudits of the gallery.

The first night settled him and the show, too. The papers next day did not attempt to disparage his paramount ability as a slugger, but they did say he was about the worst actor that had yet drifted to the colonies.

Harrison got a word or two of praise, but the play was made fun of and plucked to pieces.

The next night the house wasn't large enough to pay expenses, and the entire season was a dismal, chilly frost.

But all hope was not gone yet, for the company was billed to appear in Melbourne. Sydneyites think Melbourne is the foolest city on the continent and the dwellers in Melbourne return the feeling with compound interest computed every 24 hours.

Everything that succeeds in Sydney scores a failure in Melbourne.

When the latter city applauds, Sydney condemns. So it was that Mr. Harrison and his star looked forward to a prosperous season in Melbourne.

But for once the two cities agreed. The curtain went up the first night on a dismal audience.

When the blacksmith appeared clad in diamond-studed shirt, swallow-tailed coat and patent leather pumps, the gods began to guy John L.

He stood it bravely for a moment or two. Then his allusions to "mudder" produced an outbreak on the part of his formentors more furious than ever, and Larry got mad.

And really no one can blame him for getting angry, because those lads in the gallery kept on pouring slang into his ears so that he nearly forgot his lines. Finally he strode with a mighty Queensberry stride to the front of the stage, bared aloft his mighty right—and made a speech.

This time his speech was shorter than usual.

"I'll put a tail on you'se felleys. See!" he roared.

The succeeding nights even the cheap parts of the house were barely tenanted and John L.'s purse began to assume an appearance like that Cæsar attributed to Cassius, for it became "lean and hungry."

Now he is bankrupt, his partner Harrison declines to "act" any more, and Sullivan has sent over to his friends for money to come home on.

Duncan B. has tried to drown his disappointment at the ill-success of the tour in drink. He was defendant in a case in the District court at Melbourne the other day, for, in demonstrating his bravado, he jumped astride a horse belonging to a friend and rode into an oyster saloon. A constable arrested him, and the judge before whom the case was heard fined him five shillings and costs.

As soon as John and Duncan get the money from this country they are coming home. Perhaps by the time he gets here Sullivan may conclude to quit acting and go to fighting again.

A Hero.

"There goes a man who has saved 63 lives."

"You—don't—say?"

"Yes, when his house burned down he carried out the family cat and six kittens."—[Indianapolis Journal.

Noah.

It always has seemed queer to me,
Nor reason yet I've found,
That Noah should have gone to sea
For fear of being drowned.
—[Brooklyn Life.

FILL YOUR PURSE and improve your prospects. Try this. You can do so honorably, surely. Have you read our illustrated advertisement in the first number of this paper, this month? Better do so, if you haven't. We can and will, if you please, teach you quickly and without PAY, how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. You can commence at home, in any part of America. We start you. Both sexes. All ages. Easy to learn and manage. All particulars FREE. Better write at once, if you haven't already. Address Stinson & Co., Box 1600, Portland, Maine.

Is Dancing Sinful?

Parson Gridly is very much opposed to dancing. He said recently to a young lady of his congregation:

"Are you one of those giddy girls to whom dancing is a heavenly pastime?"

"No, I don't think dancing is perfectly heavenly," she replied, demurely.

"Ah, that's right."

"Dancing is not perfectly heavenly," continued the young lady; "for you see it comes to an end too soon, but it is very much like heaven as long as it lasts."—[Texas Siftings.

LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE

How the Hospital Scene in Philadelphia Came to be Written.

There appears to prevail a very mistaken impression in regard to the hospital mentioned by Longfellow in his poem of Evangeline. The old Quaker Almshouse, on Walnut street, between Third and Fourth, has been identified by many with the one spoken of by the poet, says the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. It would be a pity to deprive the old Almshouse of any of its literary associations, but facts compel a contradiction of this claim. In speaking of the hospital, the poet says:

"Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of
meadow and woodlands:
"*Now* the city surrounds it; but still with its
gateway and wicket."

As Evangeline was published in 1847, while six years previously, in 1841, the Almshouse had been torn down, the use of the word *now* shows clearly that that institution was not the one referred to. Again, the Quaker Almehouse was not a hospital for the sick, and Gabriel would not have been taken there if he had been found dying in the streets, as we are told he was. We can hardly charge Longfellow with having been so neglectful of facts as to make this mistake.

Dr. Mills, in his memoranda of the Philadelphia Almshouse, affirms that the Philadelphia Hospital is the one alluded to. Dr. Mills would seem to have based his opinion largely upon the supposition that Evangeline and Gabrial were real individuals, and that they met under the circumstances described by the poet. Had this been the case, he would undoubtedly be correct in his statement, but it was not. Both characters are but creations of Longfellow's mind, though Hawthorn is responsible for their suggestion. They are personifications of Acadian peasants, and typify the sufferings of the people after their ruthless banishment by the English in 1755. The proof adduced by Dr. Mills, is, therefore, not necessarily irrefutable.

Upon the completion of his poem, Longfellow thus writes of his selection of a place for the closing scene of his idyl:

"I got the climax of Evangeline from Philadelphia, and it was singular how I happened to do so. I was passing down Spruce street one day toward my hotel after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it inside of a high enclosure. I walked around it until I came to a great gate, and then stepped inside and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower beds and shades which it presented made an impression, which has never left me, and twenty-four years after, when I came to write Evangeline, I located the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel, and his death, at this hospital, and his burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks. The work is purely a fancy sketch, and the name Evangeline was coined to complete the story. * * * * My visit to the hospital in Philadelphia gave me the ground work of the poem."

It must be acknowledged that the Philadelphia Hospital was on Spruce street at that time, but the description given by Longfellow of the place he was so pleased with hardly corresponds with the impressions we receive when we see lithographs of the Philadelphia Hospital at that date. On the other hand, the surroundings of the Pennsylvania Hospital are very similar to those described, and both Robertson's and Samuel Longfellow's biographies of the poet identify that hospital with the one referred to. It is more than likely, therefore, that the more modern institution, the Pennsylvania Hospital, should be awarded what honor attaches to Longfellow's selection.

SAVE YOUR 1877 PENNIES.

They Are So Rare That They Will Soon Command a Premium.

Few people who handle pennies every day are aware of the rarity of the one cent piece of 1877. The coinage, as reported by the mint for that year, does not appear small, for the mint year ends June 30, and does not therefore indicate how many of a coinage bear the calendar year for the date. Thus the coinage for the year ending June 30, 1876, including half of the year 1876, and the coinage for the year ending June 30, 1877, comprised half of the year 1877.

Business during 1877 was at a very low ebb and little demand existed for pennies. Few were minted, therefore, while in 1876 and 1878 the call was urgent. It is doubtful if the exact number stamped "1877" is known even to the mint officers themselves. An inquirer was informed by them in February, 1878, that less than ten thousand had been stamped. This would mean an issue of less than a million. In point of fact, however, it is probable that the actual coinage was far less.

A coin collector began in 1881 a record of the number of pennies passing through his hands, and took the percentage of 1877 to the other dates. In 1881 he found the percentage to be .0048, in 1882 it was .0034, in 1883 it was .0032, in 1884 it was .0028. The record was abandoned after that, but from time to time examinations were made which showed the percentage had moved nearer the zero point.

An examination of a quart of pennies collected this year from a slot machine showed but one of the 1877 date. Unfortunately, the examiner did not learn how many pennies there were in the lot, so the present percentage cannot be given.

In a banker's window on Nassau street, near Ann, is a frame containing sixteen 1877 date, showing that one man at least has awakened to their rarity. One collector who has been on the lookout since January, 1878, has secured eighty-four of this date. Look over your change hereafter and pick out all the 1877's, as they are becoming valuable, and being a current coin no collection will be complete without one.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

She Wants to Please.

Mrs. Youngwife—Have you any beets?
Grocer—Yes'm.
Mrs. Y.—Please send me up two pounds of live ones.
Grocer—Live ones?
Mrs. Y.—Yes, my husband says he has no use for dead ones.—[Minneapolis Tribune.

The Old Serpent's New Shape.

Atlanta Journal.

This is the time of the year when the husband, who pays the bills, realizes that the fur boa is a constrictor of the pocketbook.

THEY ARE REALLY FUNNY.

Nepotism may be excused in a pawnbroker.—[Boston Transcript.

A dog out in Idaho turned into bone and died. He died hard.—[Yonkers Statesman.

"Struck down in his prime"—the young man with his first moustache.—[Washington Star.

At this season the poor actor and the poor stove both fail to draw.—[Binghampton Republican.

The drama of the future will embody about ten farm animals, twenty mechanical effects and one or two actors.—[Music and Drama.

If ghosts walked some of the epitaphs on the cemeteries would be effaced.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

The trouble with the man after your own heart, young woman, is that he isn't.—[Boston Transcript.

The man who stole the clothing of Oscar Wilde must have been out collecting bric-a-brac.—[New Orleans Picayune.

The railway pool and fifteen-ball pool are somewhat alike; the man who pockets the most gets the best of the game.—[Boston Bulletin.

"Where's Blithers? I've been looking all over for him."

"Did you look under Mrs. Blithers's thumb?"—[Puck.

Spiggit—Jimson struck me for $10 to day.

Mrs. Spigcit (indignantly)—Who was the ruffian who paid him to assault you, dear?—[Detroit Free Press.

"The jails are filled to overflowing, Your Highness. Shall we build new ones?"

"Most certainly not. Proclaim a general pardon of the occupants. Then we can fill 'em up again."—[Epoch.

"Dinguss is a man of expensive habits, is he not, Shadbolt?"

"Yes. Dinguss's habits since I have been acquainted with him have cost me $150, without counting a cent for interest."—[Chicago Tribune.

"Look here," said an exciting man to a druggist, "you gave me morphine for quinine this morning!" "Is that so," replied the druggist. "Then you owe me twenty-five cents. That's the difference in the price."—[Boston Life.

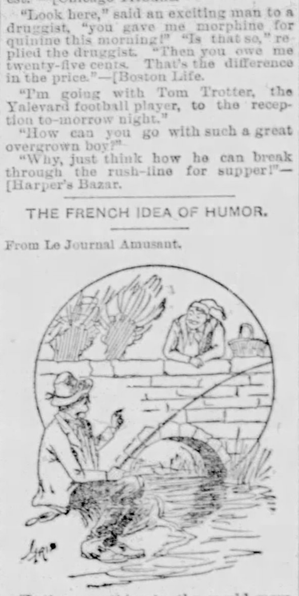
"I'm going with Tom Trotter, the Yalevard football player, to the reception to-morrow night."

"How can you go with such a great overgrown boy?"

"Why, just think how he can break through the rush-line for supper!"—[Harper's Bazar.

THE FRENCH IDEA OF HUMOR.

From Le Journal Amusant.



"Is there anything in the world more stupid than a line fisherman?"

"Yes, the fellow who stops and stares at him."

"See that old woman there? You might not think it, but she has twenty-five thousand francs laid up."

"And why does she still work, then?"

"To have twenty-six."

Something Off.

A Maine man, notorious for his "nearness," lately went into a meat shop and inquired the price of a certain soup bone.

The proprietor of the shop is a generous fellow, and in answer to the old man's question he said:

"Oh, I'll give you that."

The customer put his hand to his ear. He is hard of hearing and had missed the reply.

"Can't you take something off of that?" he asked.

The dealer took pity on him.

"Yes," he said, "call it ten cents." And the old man went home with a comfortable sense of having driven a good trade.—[Kennebec Journal.

Only That and Nothing More.

Just thirty yards made Edith's gown,
The skirt took ten; that leaves
Five yards for waist and collar,
And fifteen yards for sleeves.
—[Buffalo Enquirer.

But We Have No Rapid Transit.

Washington Star.

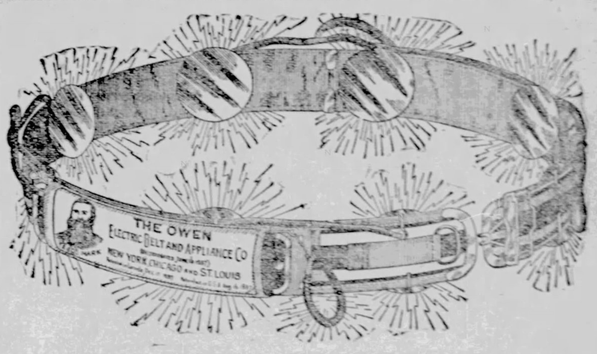
New York is to have a new Mohammedan mosque. She can't have too many churches, for the transit to eternity are very rapid in that city.

At the Princes'.

He (for the sixth time)—I'm just going out to a friend, m' dear.

She—Is he Irish or Scotch this time?—[Bristol (Eng.) Magpie.

Send 4c for "Bell Skirt" pattern. Mrs. Flesher's Ladies' Tailor System taught by mail. Sent on 30 days trial to any address. Flesher & Co., 30 East Fourteenth St., New York.



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IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE CURE OF THE FOLLOWING DISEASES:

(Watch this paper for testimonials of people who have been cured.)

Neuralgia.	*Pain in Back.*	*Asthma.*
Sciatica.	*Spinal Disease.*	*Dumb Ague.*
Insomnia.	*Cold Extremities.*	*Throat Troubles.*
Hysteria.	*Nervous Debility.*	*Deafness.*
Melancholia.	*Local Debility.*	*Dyspepsia.*
Paralysis.	*Varicocele.*	*Torpid Liver.*
Epilepsy.	*Epileptic Fits.*	*Constipation.*
Rheumatism.	*Kidney Complaints.*	*Female Weakness.*
Lumbago.	*Urinary Diseases.*	*Wasting.*
Gout.	*Catarrh.*	*Headache.*
	General Debility.	

NOTICE—The (only) Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. is incorporated under the Laws of the State of Illinois with a cash capital of $50,000.00. President, Dr. A. Owen; Treasurer, S. M. Owen; Secretary, C. E. Meigs

HOME TALKS.

THE ALL-AROUND PEOPLE.

Something About What They Are and Are Not—The Same Rule Governing Both Sexes.

It is a pity that there are not more "all-around people."

What do I mean by "all-around peo-ple?"

Those who have managed to wear off the angles in their temperaments so that they are not constantly presenting them to the persons who enter into their daily living.

Those who are practically the same yesterday, and to-day, and to-morrow will find no difference so far as their good will to others is concerned.

Those upon whom a friend may depend, through evil report as well as through good; who will be as loyal when shadows gather as when the sun shines.

Those who mean to be always true, who are faithful and conscientious in small things as well as great.

Those who will stand fast for what they believe to be right, whether it is popular or not.

Those who are not always trying to push self to the front and ruthlessly walking over everybody who chances to stand in their way.

They are not by any means perfect—these all-around people.

Nor are they apt to be geniuses, or people that have the most exalted social position. Wealth is not necessary, nor culture. One of the best all-round people that I ever knew was a man that jumbled his moods and tenses together, making them tumble over each other in wild confusion. Another was a woman who took in washing to earn bread for her children and herself. Octave Thanet makes an excellent picture of one in a recent book of hers, who is an illiterate man, uncouth in manner, but gentle and tender of heart, and it is so realistic that you cannot help feeling that it is drawn from life.

All-around people are not born that way. They obtain this harmonious development of character, this evenness that makes their daily lives such a blessing to the community in which they dwell, through a constant effort to live the Christ-life. They do not belong to a church necessarily, or profess religion, or become members of charitable organizations. Perhaps they are rarely heard of outside of their own homes or places of business, but their influence is felt far beyond the little circle of immediate surroundings.

An all-around person never pushes and jostles people in order to get the most comfortable seat in the street or railway car.

He never studies to see how he can get the best of those with whom he has dealings.

He never puts in that sly and cruel "but" when speaking of his neighbors, nor, as the poet strongly puts it, "damns them with faint praise."

In short, he always strives to remember that the only way to make life worth living in this world is to be true to his highest impulses which, if listened to, will always make themselves understood.

What is true of the masculine, all-around person, is true of the feminine.

All around people rarely get very rich. They may be prosperous, but what I mean is, they seldom count their wealth by millions. Competition is so general in the business world, that it is only by the stronger crushing out the weaker that such great accumulations are possible. That is why monopolies, big corporations, trust companies, etc., are coming to be so hated. Sometimes those who have built them up, after they have become possessed of almost uncountable riches, give generously to charitable and religious organizations. I wonder how much they think that sort of thing will count when their lives are summed up and the balance cast. "A man's life consisteth not in the number of things which he possesseth," but in his day-by-day helpfulness to others.

The woman who lives in a Kansas dug-out, upon a Nebraska farm, or in a mining village, may be a far better all-around person than the woman of leisure and means in a crowded city. It is not a single deed of heroism, a single act of self-abnegation that rounds off the angles in human character, but the constant and cheerful performance of duties, however homely, the things that tend to make others happier and better.

There is a conscious and unconscious selfishness, and sometimes I think the latter is far more cruel than the former. In one of Julien Gordon's last stories, to which she gives the significant title of "Vampires," she makes her hero a homely, insignificent young man, with very red hair, that curled all over his round head tightly, with "small gray eyes that had a merry twinkle in them, as well as a great fund of pastime and kindness. His turned-up nose was conscientiously inquisitive, his round face ruddy with health." This simple-hearted, awkward fellow falls in love with an invalid girl, a Southener who, with her mother, a widow, has come North to consult a physician. They have seen better times, but are poor now. The girl accepts this lover, who worships her in his awkward fashion, because she and her mother know that he will take care of them, and they prove to be the "vampires" that suck out his life. Through the years that follow, so long as he lives, indeed, the wife demands all and gives him nothing but husks. To the day that he dies, she never seems to realize the cold-blooded selfishness that governs her every action, nor to appreciate the self-immolation that characterizes his daily life. She accepts everything that he does as a matter of course, pitying herself that she had been obliged to marry so much below her deserts. Her poor little pitiful soul could not comprehend the greatness of his, nor understand that her selfishness, in which she was supported by her mother, was draining his very life-blood. She did not call or know it as selfishness. Was she not his wife? Was it not his duty to care for her?

There is a great deal of that sort of thing in the world, only it goes by other names. James Whitcomb Riley says:

No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhere.

I take it that is true the world over.

Perhaps you understand now what I mean by all-around people and are wondering why I give them the name. You have heard it said sometimes "he or she is good all-around help," meaning that the man or woman spoken of can turn a hand to almost any kind of work and do it well. So I think that man or woman whose character is well-rounded in the way I described in the beginning, belong to the all-around people who always do the best thing, that nearest right, under all circumstances, because their judgment is not warped by selfishness. And, as I said then, it is a great pity there are not more of them.

It does not take great deeds to be an all-around person morally. Courage and hope and faith—the courage that casts out petty fears which haunt our steps every hour in the day—the hope that will see the best of everything—the faith that believes in good everywhere—these, become habitual, will round off the angles and rub down the rough edges of individual character.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Conveniences.

IV.

VERY good clothes closet may be made in a hall bed-room, or other small room, in this way: Take two pieces of board, one inch thick, four inches wide and two feet long and nail them to the wall in one corner, about six feet from the floor, or less if you wish. To these strips fasten clothes hooks, and on the top of them nail a triangular shelf, with the point in the corner of the room. The front of the shelf should be rounded off, and half a dozen small brass hooks screwed at regular intervals across it. A curtain is then made reaching from this shelf to the floor and this is fastened to the hooks by means of small rings, sewed to its upper edge. A similar arrangement could be made for a washstand, with a second shelf fitted at a convenient distance from the floor, which would answer to hold the wash-bowl and pitcher, soap dish, etc. A towel holder could be fastened to one side. These could be made as dainty as you please, and with a single bed, a chair and a small stand with drawers, over which could be hung a mirror, you could utilize a very small room, and make of it a very comfortable and pleasant apartment.

A very pretty and convenient way to place house plants during the winter is to have a box made as long as the width of the window where you wish them to stand, and wide enough to hold one or two rows of flower pots. This can be set upon a low table, or fastened in place by wooden brackets nailed to the floor. Fill the box with sand and fine earth, about half of each, sink the flower pots in this and plant vines around the edge. Place oil cloth under the box to protect your carpet, and you can shower your plants when necessary. The object of the narrow box is to enable you to attend to all of the plants easily, and they can all have the benefit of sunshine better than when placed in an ordinary stand. It is better to have two or more of these boxes, if you have so many plants, than one large stand. The box should stand far enough from the window to allow of a shade being lowered to protect them from the cold in winter. The vines will grow nicely in the sandy soil, and soon cover the sides of the box with their beautiful drapery.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

PALM LEAF BAG.—Get a fan that is white and as free from blemish as possible. Hold it over steam until it will bend easily, then press the edges together and sew half way up, making the stitches an equal distance apart. Use tipsel or a fine silk cord of bright color. Wind the handle with the cord or tinsel, whichever you use. Suspend it by the handle. Tie a bow of handsome ribbon at the top of the handle, another where it joins the leaf, and another at the point where the edges meet. Or what may be even prettier, put heavy tassels in these places instead.

PRETTY LAMP SHADE.—Get 12 sheets of tissue paper, 6 of one shade of a color and 6 of another. Take each sheet separately and holding it in the left hand draw it over the full width of the flower end until it is all in fine close folds. Paste each six sheets together, and when dry put one over the other and then slip both over the shade frame, leaving the upper edges five or six inches above the neck. Tie it down evenly and close about the neck, and then pull the part above out into a full ruching. The lower part will fall some inches below the lower wire, and this may also be pulled out into a ruching. Small ones may be made in the same way.

Mrs. L. M., Des Moines:—In "Fancy Work and House Decoration (No. 3)," there is a full description of the pansy table, and very pretty it is, too. You can get it by sending 15 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNITTED BORDER FOR BEDSPREAD.—Cast on 33 stitches. 1st row—k plain; 2d row—p; 3d—k 1—k 2 tog—k 11—k 2 tog—o—k 1—o—k 2 tog—k 11—k 2 tog—k 1; 4th row and every alternate row—p; 5th row—k 1—k 2 tog—k 9—k 2 tog—o—k 1—o—k 2 tog 2 times—k 9—k 2 tog—k 1; 7th row—k 1—k 2 tog—k 7—k 2 tog—o—k 1—o—k 2 tog 3 times—k 7—k 2 tog—k 1; 9th row—k 1—k 2 tog—k 5—k 2 tog—k 1—o—k 2 tog 4 times—k 5—k 2 tog—k 1; 11th row—k 1—k 2 tog—k 3—k 2 tog—o—k 1—o—k 2 tog 5 times—k 3—k 2 tog—k 1; 13th row—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1—k 2 tog—o—k 1—o—k 2 tog 6 times—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1; 15th row—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 2 tog 7 times—k 2; 17th row—k 1—k 2 tog—o—k 1—o—k 2 tog 7 times—k 2 tog—k 1; 18th row—p the first 2 and last 2 tog, then cast off.

INFANT'S SACQUE IN STAR STITCH.—Material: One skein white Shetland wool and one of blue. Begin at bottom, making a ch of 182 st—c 10 times across, keeping the edges straight; 11th row—n in the center of the back, then work 8 times scallops, and a little dark about the beak. Otherwise they are perfectly healthy, eat heartily, and are very lively.—MRS. H. E. K.

How many ladies are sufficiently interested in doing what is possible to stop the destruction of the birds, to sign a pledge that they will not wear birds, or wings on their hats and bonnets, and be willing to have their names published, the same as the children that sign the temperance pledge? I have the names of sixteen ladies in my neighborhood who will join this society—who else will?—MRS. H. A. HARDER.

Answers to Inquiries.

If a young lady becomes acquainted with a young gentleman at a distant city, and he afterwards removes to her city and engages in business there, is it proper for her to invite him to call, or not? And could she invite him to a social gathering if he had not called? —S.

It would be proper for her to invite him to call, and to invite him to a social gathering, unless she had reason to think that he had neglected purposely to call upon her, when he had the opportunity to do so.—ED.

Ready Listener:—Linseed oil and varnish are all that is necessary to give the finish to your woodwork that you desire. Use one or more coats of the oil as you desire the color to be light or dark. For answer to your other question, apply to any dealer in art materials.—ED.

In reply to the inquiry of Mrs. Christian Brownlee, in a recent issue of your paper, in regard to Colorado, climate, soil, etc., I reply: Our climate is a medium between that of the Eastern states and the mountain region. The elevation above sea level is about 4,000 feet; pure, bracing air and cool nights, and always a refreshing breeze. Our winters are very mild; we have very little zero weather, and then for but a day or two at a time. The people here are the most enterprising of your former neighbors, and are from every state in the union and from every walk in life. You will meet here a hearty welcome from every one.—A. A.

Several other replies to C. B. have been received, but we cannot spare the room for such lengthy articles. Anyone wishing to obtain information concerning any part of the country, can do so by writing to the postmaster of the county seat, or of any of the principal towns. If he cannot inform you, he will doubtless give you the address of some person who can.—ED.

Mrs. J. L. McB.:—You can purchase lace curtains by the pair, from 50 cents to $15, or by the yard, from 25 cents upward. Dotted Swiss for draperies come at different prices—25 cents being the lowest for which you can get anything that will look very well. Curtain poles are from 25 cents to $1, and brass rods for sash curtains are sold at 5 cents a foot.—ED.

Mrs. Anna M.:—To cook Saratoga potatoes, slice thin and let them stand in ice-water one-half hour. Then fry in hot lard (as you would doughnuts) till a light brown. Drain off all the water before you fry them.—SNOW-FLAKE.

Emma:—The "soap plant about which you inquired some time ago is an evergreen, and bears large, creamy-white flowers.—NELLIE.

Ruth:—The three crowned children of Europe are: Alphonso XIII. of Spain, 5 years old; Alexander I., King of Servia, who is 15 years old, and Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, born August 31, 1880.—GRACE.

Recipes.

COFFEE CAKE—For Washington May—Put 1 pt. of light bread dough in quite a large bowl; add 2 tablespoonsful of butter; a little salt; 1 cupful of milk and 1 cupful of sugar; 3 beaten eggs and grated nutmeg to flavor. Stir all together. Then add flour, using your hands to mix the dough, which should not be made stiff. Let this rise, and when light, roll out as soft as possible and put in shallow pans, spread melted butter over the tops and sprinkle thickly with cinnamon and sugar. Let them rise again and bake about 15 minutes.

A NICE DESSERT.—Cook a cupful of rice in a covered dish to keep it white. When soft, add a cupful of cream; a little salt; the beaten whites of 2 eggs and a cupful of sugar. Flavor with vanilla when cool, and put in a glass dish. Dot with jelly. Serve with cream and sugar.—DAYS.

LADY FINGERS.—For Mrs. L. E. H.—2 eggs; 1 cupful granulated sugar, (or 1 cupful of tablespoonful); 2 teaspoonful baking powder; a little salt; flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll very thin, and sprinkle with the tablespoonful of sugar reserved from the cupful, giving it a light roll. Cut the dough in strips a finger in width and about 4 inches long. Bake in a quick oven, taking care that they have room enough on the tin to rise without touching each other.—MRS. L.

SWEET PEACH PICKLES.—1 qt. vinegar; 3 pts. sugar. Cook peaches till tender; put in jars; boil syrup for nine mornings and pour over the peaches.—KANSAS.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Take 8 ripe tomatoes, cut them up without removing the skins and stew them until they are very soft; press them through a seive and season with salt and pepper; add 5 tablespoonfuls of meat gravy, stir well and serve very hot.—ALICE S.

CHEESE BISCUIT.—When you have a little puff or short paste left from making pies, sprinkle over it a little cayenne pepper and some grated cheese. Double the paste over, roll thin and cut in small biscuits, glaze with the white of an egg and bake in a quick oven, until they are a light brown. Ends of cheese can be used in this way.

SWISS RAREBIT.—Take 6 eggs, the weight of 2 in grated cheese, and the weight of 1 in butter. Break the eggs into a basin or sauce pan, beat them well and add the grated cheese and butter; also a little salt and pepper. Put the sauce pan over a slow fire and stir slowly until the mixture is smooth and soft and about as thick as cream. Spread over slices of thin, buttered toast, and serve quickly on a very hot, covered dish.—M. K. D.

You Take No Risk

In buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building-up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

What Napoleon Cost England.

The steward of Napoleon I.'s household at St. Helena received £1,000 a month for living expenses. Every fortnight there landed, for the table of his ex-Majesty, 84 bottles of ordinary wine, 266 bottles of strong wine (Constantia, Teneriff, etc.) and 44 of porter. In all, the period of his stay on the island is said to have cost England £2,080,000. Of course, there were no poor wretches starving either in England or in France at the time.—[Notes and Queries

Cleopatra!

Her power was retained by force of personal charms. She led the old "boys" captive whenever she talked "pretty" to them and showed her teeth. History should tell us that she used SOZODONT, but it don't. The preparation she used might have had another name then.

ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN.

CAPTAIN KING AS A STORY TELLER.

Anyone Can Keep Pace With the World's Progress Through Magazines and Newspapers—A Promising Writer.

"According to St. John," the last book of Amelie Rives, which was published as a serial in *The Cosmopolitan*, is now out in book form, so that the reader has the whole story before him by which to judge of its merits. No one can deny that it has merit. There are strong passages, dramatic scenes, vivid picturing of personalities and here and there beautiful touches, pathetic passages that move one almost to tears. But it is morbid, showing the tendencies of the young woman's imagination. Like everything else that she has written in these later times, it is densely material. The love which she describes is always passion, and she does not seem able to conceive of anything higher. She makes Jean, the heroine, use that beautiful passage in the Gospel of St. John, "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends," as a message to her to commit suicide in order to take herself out of the way of Farrance, who, she believes, does not love her. In fact, there is not a good healthy character in the book unless it is the black girl, Venus, and she puts her upon her knees covering Jean's hands with kisses.

She says that Jean loves Farrance with passion, but with passion of an intense spiritual order which he could not comprehend. I should think not, nor does Amelie herself. One ought to be moved by the struggle of the young wife after she reads the fateful words of her husband's, "this hideous feeling of disloyalty to dead and living. My whole life is one long hypocrisy," and yet the predominant feeling is one of irritation at the man for being so idiotic as to put down in black and white what he could not fail to know would rend the young girl's heart asunder should she chance upon the lines. She did chance upon this morbid outpouring of a morbid man, with just such a result as might have been expected. Of course there is a certain a r of realism about it, or one could not feel irritated. Nor can one help feeling that he was more than stupid, when, overcome by her effort to keep up before him, she threw herself back upon the sofa, bursting into peal after peal of laughter, he was hurt and embarrassed, and rose saying that he would go and get tickets for the theatre. She had already confessed to being ill, and he had been frightened about her, then when she does something unlike herself he goes away without further inquiry, "hurt and embarrassed!"

There are good things in the book though, and it holds the reader's interest. When Amelie Rives has lived more—time is not so important as depth of feeling—then she may write a book worthy of her undoubted talent. From those to whom much has been given in the way of brains much is expected in the way of accomplishment.

The story is published in book form by the John W. Lovell company, New York city.

No writer tells army stories with better grace than Captain King, one of which is contained in this issue of THE BLADE, and no other writer can hold the reader's interest more firmly from first chapter to the last. There is a flavor to his narratives that gives the feeling that it must be a faithful reproduction of some happening. He never forgets to show the good side of the soldier in frontier life, so far away from the cares he cares for, and one cannot fail to feel a strong admiration for the bravery that perhaps has had no other historian. Captain King was the son of Gen. Rufus King, and has been all of his life in the army, first on the staff of his father when he was but a youngster, then as a cadet at West Point, later an instructor there, and then in active service. Out in Arizona, he was a fight with the Apaches, he was wounded, and this finally led to his being placed upon the "retired list," leaving him leisure to write, though still holding his commission in the army. His first story was "Kitty's Conquest," and like the first work of many another author who afterwards won a reputation, it was rejected by the publisher. The manuscript was forthwith condemned to the seclusion of a trunk, from which it did not emerge for years. Before his retirement he spent several years in the far West fighting the Indians, and it was during this time that he kept a journal, which is a treasure-trove for him now, as many of the incidents and descriptions come from these pages. "The Colonel's Daughter" is his first published story, and he was nearly a year in writing it. Its popularity led him to write a sequel to it, and this was followed by others, all of which have been more or less successful. His experience only goes to prove that no writer need be discouraged by one refusal of his manuscript. Captain King's home is in Milwaukee.

In looking over the magazines for each month, I am convinced of one thing, and that is, the opportunity which they afford everybody of becoming acquainted, without reading books, with what is going on in the world in science, literature and art. A busy man or woman has small chance of ever taking a casual glance of the progress in even one thing, to say nothing of the world of changes that are occuring each year, if books must be studied for the purpose. In the best magazines, however, the best writers give intelligent summaries of all new discoveries, or any advancement in any special direction, and keep the newspapers publish from day to day what brain-workers are doing, and what they hope to do in the future, so that the busy people can gain a cursory view of the world's progress while they are taking their evening rest, or waiting for some dilatory individual to keep an engagement. Time was when books meant every thing in the way of becoming what is called an all-around intelligent man or woman.

Speaking of magazines, take those of the current month, for instance, or rather two or three of the leading ones, for it would be impossible to go through the list. In the *North American Review* is discussed the pro and con of the question of whether we can have rain in any part of the country without waiting for nature to decide the matter. Then present conditions in the Celestial Empire are talked about by one who has studied them upon the ground. Again, in the *Arena*, some weak spots in the French republic are discussed; there is also an essay about a subject that is attracting a great deal of attention now, namely, mind healing; and we are shown also what wonders the microscope is accomplishing day by day. Turning to the *Forum*, a remedy is given for municipal misgovernment which, though it may not be in harmony with our own ideas, yet gives facts that add to our stock of information. The needs of our army and navy are shown and we learn what means our country has of defense against a foreign foe. And so I might go on through almost countless magazines in fact, for there are few with any constituency to speak of which have not some excellent features.

No, there is no need of ignorance in these days through lack of time or opportunity to read books, when there are so many magazines and papers to give information in a compact, concise way upon almost every subject under the sun.

THE following little poem by Miss Louise Houghton, of Warsaw, N. Y., is full of suggestion and significance conveyed in language strong, earnest and full of poetic fervor. The writer excels in this direction, and I feel certain that a bright future is before her, for she is possessed of the spirit of true poetry:

LIVING.

So heavy the battle—so long—
Still aloft, the standards of wrong;
Not yet, is the victory won,
And the day is almost done.
Shine on, oh Sun!

DYING.

Dark'ning shadows grow and lengthen,
Strong courage comes to strengthen;
Thro' blinding fray, the straining sight
At last, at last, discerns the Light.
No need, oh Sun!

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

Little Flo's Letter.

Anonymous.

A sweet little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo,
And she wanted it brought to the table
That it might eat and grow—
"It must wait for awhile," said grandma
In answer to her plea,
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth
Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth grandma?"
Asked Flo, in great surprise;
"Oh, my! but isn't it funny?
No teeth—but nose and eyes?
I guess" (after thinking gravely)
"They must have been fordot.
Can't we buy him some, like grandpa?
I'd like to know why not?"

That afternoon to the corner
With paper and pen and ink
Went Flo, saying, "Don't talk to me;
If you do it'll stop my think!
I'm writing a letter, grandma,
To send away to-night;
And 'cause its very 'portant
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished,
A wonderful thing to see—
And directed to "God in Heaven."
"Please read it over to me,"
Said little Flo to her grandma,
"To see if it's right, you know."
And here is the letter written
To God, by little Flo:

"Dear God—The baby you brought us
Is awful nice and sweet,
But 'cause you forgot his toofies,
The poor little thing can't eat;
That's why I'm writing this letter
A purp'se to let you know
Please come and finish the baby.
That's all. From LITTLE FLO."

For the Blade Young Folks.

TWO WONDERFUL DOGS.

BY OLD "OTSE INDIAN."

I fear my young friends will begin to consider me a sort of an Eli Perkins, or worse, after reading this article, in which it will be seen that I still deal with wonderful if not unusual incidents and queer characters. But considerable experience with young folks has shown me that they prefer strange tales provided they are true—and, as they are wiser than most people think, they are not easily deceived; therefore I promise, "honest Injun," to guide my pen strictly upon statements which can be proven by witnesses. But first let me tell you how to own a good dog:

First, get a young pup of a known good breed—Newfoundland, Shepherd, St. Bernard, Spaniel—each is good in its own way, but a pup with the blood of the first, second and last, might be found best if you want a dog possessing as many good and as few bad traits as possible, and capable of acquiring a great variety of accomplishments—and choose but one member of your family to act as his master and teacher (others may play with him, of course, but must not command him except in regard to matters he has already learned)—for he will soon learn that one person's ways and wishes, consequently will be more obedient than if taught by two or more persons who cannot be exactly alike. An intelligent dog is very observing, and will find out certain peculiarities about you which your human friends may not. If the trainer possesses the qualities of patience, gentleness, firmness, justice, mirthfulness and inventiveness he need not fear failing, and the dog will partake of his character somewhat, too, just as surely as any child would!—that is, to be sure, in such traits as a beast can at all imitate. For instance, he will be gentle and honest, or cruel and sneaking, according as his master is kind and truthful, or cross and deceitful. How careful, then, we should be of our actions! But, to be done with this portion of my article, I must now concisely mention a few good rules for the dog trainer to keep in view: Never "play tricks" on the pup or he will have but little confidence in you; never deceive him, never scold him harshly; a faintly whispered request will be more readily obeyed than a stern command, particularly if he is a Newfoundland. Above all things do not disgrace him in any way, nor allow anything to happen which can lower his diguity and self-esteem (a Newfoundland dog is as proud as any autocrat when he is shown due respect, and depend upon it you'll lose nothing by being very polite to one). When you have required him to do any act beware of stopping him before he has quite completed it, and never omit to offer him, with a pleased smile, some slight reward for any performance he goes through in pain, disgust or shame, provided he doesn't seem sulky.

"DON CARLOS FRISK"

I will not waste space in describing, as I partially mentioned his appearance in a former article in THE BLADE, but I will at once begin about his ways and disposition by saying that he possessed the superior bravery, faithfulness, strength, beauty, honor and dignity of the Newfoundland; the meek obedience, swiftness, suppleness and endurance, gentleness and affectionateness of the Shepherd, and yet the cautiousness, cunning, craftiness, shrewdness and keen vision of the wolf, without a single objectionable trait of the latter. I presume you are aware that wolves, foxes and jackals are of the canine race, therefore blood relations of the dog, who differs from them just as enlightened human races do from the savage heathen tribes (but right here I must remark that I consider the American Indian far above other pagan nations in intelligence at least.) I don't mean to say that the dog had no faults at all, but his faults were so few that I scarcely remember any of them, and none of them were serious.

He could run all day at an astounding speed, and be ready for a romp or chase at night. On the latter he would suddenly pounce upon a loose cake and go skimming along like a boy on a sled; or if a boy sat on one he would try to push him, barking in great glee. He would also run and try to skate, until his nails would catch and throw him on his side, when he would roll over and over like a kitten on some luxurious carpet. In summer he could stay in the water all day; his master (whom we will call Arthur, during lessons) has to go in after anything that could float, and to sometimes dive after sinking articles. He once swam and dived about in a large pond—near Bigelow, Mo.,—quite a while after a wounded duck, which he finally caught, although it was very lively yet. In calm, deep water he could draw a tree large and heavy enough to make a good wagon load, for he was very persistent, and the largest and mightiest of floats can be moved in such watery fashion by your power applied steadily for a long while; the object may start very slowly, but will gradually gain headway. He could run swiftly and fearlessly up a leaning tree, if it had rough bark, and would walk out on a slender limb many feet from the main trunk, and then turn about on a part so narrow that he was compelled to put all his feet together, and then swing round as if on a pivot, and once in doing so I saw him shaken off by a puff of wind, but he had not been more than eight feet above the ground, so he alighted on his feet unhurt. He could also climb a straight tree if the limbs were plenty. But coming down a tree was a task he always dreaded, so he would not go up a tree far unless after a squirrel, in which event he would become so excited that he utterly overlooked (or took no thought of) the impending difficulty until as high as the slope or size of the tree would allow, when he would turn and plunge down at a rate but little safer than falling. I was quite intimate with him and often saw him perform the exploit. Once he was successful in catching a very active squirrel, but not until we helped him scare it to the ground. At another time, in the woods near Table Rock, Neb., (a very wild and picturesque place, on a wooded hill; there are large toad-stool shaped rocks containing names and addresses of people from almost everywhere in the United States) I saw him chase a very defiant squirrel up a large tree which leaned over the Nebraska river, its top branches meeting with the limbs of another large tree on the opposite side. Of course the squirrel was soon in the latter, where he seemed to think an impassable barrier made him safe from his huge pursuer, who however, had an almost inexhaustible supply of pluck, for he plunged down and, undaunted by the ice cold water, swam over to the other side and mounted that tree as readily as the first, sending a whole bucketful of water streaming down from it from his superabundant hair; but the squirrel knew of a hole under the most sloping part of the trunk, into which he quickly vanished, while the dog actually clung to the rough bark and reached so far over the side, gnawing angrily at the knot-hole, that we thought it a miracle he did not fall—'twas as wonderful as a fly clinging to the smooth ceiling, I assure you.

Mentioning his 'gnawing angrily' impels me to remark that he could be gentler than any dove with things which he considered innocent, such as pink young mice and helpless, nuddeged birds. I have known him to tear up a mouse-nest, destroy the parents in a flash, and then discovering the delicate-looking infants sit down by them and evince sincere grief, not unmingled with curiosity, and I don't remember ever seeing him kill one or hurt it, either.

If sold to drive a pig out of the yard (in Mount City) he would just bark at it; then he'd growl very threateningly; if it still refused to go he would push it along; if it dodged him he would bite it, then he would seize it by an ear and drag it out by force, but on a large hog he invariably exerted force at the very first—wasn't he discerning? If the family desired a chicken for dinner, or to sell, Arthur would show him which one, and he would soon capture it, never hurting it if ordered not to, and he never would make a mistake among a large flock, where others looked nearly like it. Sometimes, the desired chicken not being about the house, he would be sent out after it, when he would divide or separate his master's chickens from those of the neighbors, and soon send them cackling home through the standing corn, usually so quiet himself that they would not fly, but merely run along like a herd of sheep; but when the chicken to be doomed was at last indicated to him, then there would be ex-citement enough, be sure, for he'd scatter them "right and left" like chaff. Occasionally he would drive up several flocks before the wished-for chicken would appear. He protected the fowls perfectly from hawks and owls' merely for the "fun" of it—one positively could not allight anywhere near him (yet this same town I saw a wounded hawk keep off a dozen large, hateful dogs whose cruel owners tied the bird bird for them to torture) even among the neighbors' fowls, if he happened to be at home. He could carry a young chick or an egg in his mouth without hurting it, and window glass without hurting his gums—one of the most difficult of all tricks to persuade a dog to perform. Most of them vehemently object to taking any hard (not to mention sharp) substance between their gums, because it must be held so delicately. Sometimes, to make old Frisk "show off" before company, Arthur would make him carry peach stones, one to three at a time, out of doors or pass around a hat, taking up an imaginary contribution; and when the hat came near the dog he never failed to add his mite; and he went through the motion in a manner so pompous, so self-satisfied, that the gravest old deacon would have laughed at it, and the dog will partake of his character somewhat, too, just as surely as any child would!—that is, to be sure, in such traits as a beast can at all imitate. For instance, he will be gentle and honest, or cruel and sneaking, according as his master is kind and truthful, or cross and deceitful. How careful, then, we should be of our actions! But, to be done with this portion of my article, I must now concisely mention a few good rules for the dog trainer to keep in view: Never "play tricks" on the pup or he will have but little confidence in you; never deceive him, never scold him harshly; a faintly whispered request will be more readily obeyed than a stern command, particularly if he is a Newfoundland. Above all things do not disgrace him in any way, nor allow anything to happen which can lower his diguity and self-esteem (a Newfoundland dog is as proud as any autocrat when he is shown due respect, and depend upon it you'll lose nothing by being very polite to one). When you have required him to do any act beware of stopping him before he has quite completed it, and never omit to offer him, with a pleased smile, some slight reward for any performance he goes through in pain, disgust or shame, provided he doesn't seem sulky.

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News of the Week.

☞ THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

SEVEN CONSPIRACIES.

Mrs. Emery's Financial Wail Analyzed by Senator Sherman.

The following letter in answer to Mrs. S. E. V. Emery's pamphlet, "Seven Financial Conspiracies," so completely covers the past history of finance of the government that it is given in full.

MANSFIELD, O., Oct. 12, 1891.

Mr. Charles F. Stokey, Canton, O.:

MY DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 8th, accompanied by Mrs. S. E. V. Emery's pamphlet called "Seven Financial Conspiracies Which Have Enslaved the American People," is received.

Some time since this wild and visionary book was sent to me, and I read it with both amusement and astonishment that any one could read it with approval or be deceived by its falsehoods.

The "seven financial conspiracies" are the seven great pillars of our financial credit, the seven great financial measures by which the government was saved from the perils of war and by which the United States has become the most flourishing and prosperous nation in the world.

The first chapter attributes the civil war to an infamous plot of capitalists to absorb the wealth of the country at the expense of the people, when all the world knows that the civil war was organized by slaveholders to destroy the national government and to set up a slaveholding confederacy in the South upon its ruins. The "Shylock" described by Mrs. Emery is a phantom of her imagination. The "Shylocks of the war" were the men who furnished the means to carry on the government and to put down the rebellion, and included in their number the most patriotic citizens of the Northern states, who, uniting their means with the services and sacrifices of our soldiers, put down the rebellion, abolished slavery, and preserved and strengthened our government.

The first of her "conspiracies" she calls the exception clause in the act of February 25, 1862, by which the duties on imported goods were required to be paid in coin in order to provide the means to pay the interest on our bonds in coin. This clause had not only the cordial support of Secretary Chase, but of President Lincoln, and proved to be the most important financial aid of the government devised during the war. Goods being imported upon coin values, it was but right that the duty to the government should be paid in the same coin. Otherwise the duties would have been constantly diminishing with the lessening purchasing power of our greenbacks. If the interest of our debt had not been paid in coin we would have borrowed no money abroad, and the rate of interest instead of diminishing as it did would have been largely increased, and the volume of our paper money would necessarily have had to be increased and its market value would have gone down lower and lower, and probably ended, as Confederate money did, in being as worthless as rags. This exception clause saved our public credit by making a market for our bonds, ... was paid by foreigners for the privilege ... entering our markets.

As for the national banking system—the second of these "conspiracies"—it is now conceded to have been the best form of paper money issued by banks that has ever been devised. It was organized to take the place of the state banks, which at the beginning of the war had outstanding over $200,000,000 of notes, circulating from state to state, and most of it at a discount of from 5 to 25 per cent. It was absolutely necessary to get rid of these state bank notes and to substitute in their place the notes of banks which were secured beyond all doubt by the deposit of United States bonds, a system so perfect that from the beginning until now no one has lost a dollar on the circulating notes of national banks. The system may have to give way because we are paying off our bonds, but no sensible man will ever propose in this country to go back to the old system of state banks, and if some security to take the place of United States bonds can be devised for national bank notes, the system will be and ought to be perpetuated.

The third "conspiracy" referred to is contraction of the currency. It has been demonstrated by official documents that from the beginning of the war to this time the volume of our currency has been increasing year by year more rapidly than our population. In 1865 the official statement of the money in circulation was $435,000,000, when our population was 31,000,000, and half of this was money of variable and changing value. Now we have the circulation of $1,500,000,000 with a population of 65,000,000 and every dollar of this money is as good as gold, all kinds equal to each other, passing from hand to hand and paid out as good money not only in the United States, but among all the commercial countries of the world. Our money has increased nearly four fold while our population has only doubled. The statements made by Mrs. Emery about the contraction of our currency are not only misleading, but they are absolutely false. She states that in 1868 $473,000,000 of our money was destroyed, and in 1869 $500,000,000 of our money passed into a cremation furnace, and in 1870 $400,000,000 was destroyed. Now these statements are absolutely false. What she calls money in these paragraphs was the most burdensome form of interest-bearing securities, treasury notes bearing 7-3-10 per cent interest, and compound interest notes. These were the chief and most burdensome items of the public debt. They were paid off in the years named, and were never for more than a short time after in our money in circulation. When issued they were received as money, but as interest accrued they became investments, and were not at all in circulation.

These statements of Mrs. Emery are palpable falsehoods, which if stated by a man would justify a stronger word. It is true that in 1866, Mr. McCulloch, secretary of the treasury under the administration of Andrew Jackson, wished to bring about resumption by contraction, and a bill was passed providing for a gradual reduction of the greenbacks to $300,000,000, but this was very soon after reversed and all the greenbacks retained in circulation. I was not in favor of the contraction of the greenbacks, and the very speech that she quotes in which I described the effects of contraction had the difficulty of resuming was made against the bill providing for the reduction of the greenbacks.

The next "conspiracy" to which she refers was the first act of General Grant's administration "to strengthen the public credit." A controversy had existed whether the 5-20 bonds could be paid in greenbacks. I maintained and still believe that by a fair construction of the loan laws we had a right to pay the principal of the bonds as they matured in greenbacks of the kind and character in existence when the bonds were issued, but I insisted that it was the duty of the government to define a time when the greenbacks should be either redeemed and maintained at par in coin, that this was a plain obligation of honor and duty which rested upon the United States, and that it was not honorable or right to avail ourselves of our own negligence in restoring these notes to the specie standard in order to pay the bonds in the depreciated money. This idea is embodied in the credit-strengthening act.

The fifth "conspiracy" of what she calls "this infernal scheme" was the refunding of the national debt. This process of refunding is regarded by all intelligent statesmen as a measure of the highest value, conducted with remarkable success. After the passage of the refunding act, July 14, 1870, we had outstanding bonds bearing 5 and 6 per cent interest for about $1,300,000,000. By the wise providence of Congress we had reserved the right of redeeming a portion of this debt within five years and a portion of it within ten years, so that the debt was, in the main, then redeemable at our pleasure. It was not possible to pay it in coin and it was not honorable to pay it in greenbacks, especially as that could only have been done by issuing new greenbacks far beyond the volume existing during the war, and which would at once depreciate in value and destroy the public credit and dishonor the country. We, therefore, authorized the exchange, par for par, bonds bearing 4, 4½ and 5 per cent interest for the bonds bearing a higher rate of interest. The only contest in congress upon the subject was whether the new bonds should run five, ten or fifteen years, or ten, fifteen and thirty years. I advocated the shorter period, but the majority of representatives, believing that the new bonds would not sell at par unless running for a longer period, insisted that the 4 per cent bonds should run for thirty years. Greenbackers, like Mrs. Emery, who now complain that the bonds run so long and cannot be paid until due, are the same people who insisted upon making the bonds run 40 years. It required seven years to complete these refunding operations—of which the larger part was accomplished when I was secretary of the Treasury—and they resulted in a saving of one-third of the interest on the debt. So far from it being in the interest of the bondholders, it was to their detriment and only in the interest of the people of the United States.

The next "conspiracy" complained of is the alleged demonetization of silver. By the act revising the coinage in 1873, the silver dollar, which had been suspended by Jefferson in 1805 and practically demonetized in 1853 and suspended by a minor coinage in 1853, and which was issued only in later years as a convenient form in which to export silver, and the whole amount of which, from the beginning of the government to the period of time referred to, was only eight million dollars. This silver dollar was, upon the petition of the legislature of California, and upon the motion of her senators, and by the unanimous vote of both houses of Congress, without objection from any one, dropped from our coinage, and in its place was substituted the trade dollar containing a few more grains of silver. A few years afterwards, silver having fallen rapidly in market prices, Congress restored the coinage of the silver dollar, limiting the amount to not exceeding four millions nor less than two millions a month, and under this law, in a period of twelve years, we issued over 400,000,000 silver dollars, fifty times the amount that had been coined prior to 1873. And now, under existing law, we are purchasing 54,000,000 ounces of silver a year, so that what she calls the demonetization of silver has resulted in its use in our country to an extent more than fifty-fold greater than before its demonetization. In spite of all, and growing out of the increased supply of silver and the cheapening processes of its production, it is going down in the market and is only maintained at par with gold by the fiat of the different governments coining it. Now the deluded people belonging to the class of Mrs. Emery are seeking to cheapen the purchasing power of the dollar in the hands of the farmer and laborer by the free coinage of silver and the demonetization of gold. Silver and gold should be used and maintained as current money, but only on a par with each other, and this can only be done by treating the cheaper metal as subsidiary and coining it only as demanded for the use of the people.

The seventh "financial conspiracy" is the pride and boast of the government of the United States, the restoration of our notes long after the war was over to the standard of coin; in other words, the resumption of specie payments. This measure, which met the violent opposition of such wild theorists as Mrs. Emery, has demonstrated its success in the judgment of all intelligent people, not only in the United States, but in all the countries of the world. There is no standard for paper money except coin. The United States postponed too long the restoration of its notes to coin standards. Since it had the courage to do this under the resumption act, on the first day of January, 1879, we have had in the United States a standard of gold with coins of silver, nickel and copper maintained at that standard by the fiat of the government, and paper money in various forms, as United States notes, national bank notes, gold certificates, silver certificates and treasury notes all at par with gold. To call this a "conspiracy" or an "infamous plot" is a misnomer of terms which will not deceive any intelligent man, but it is rather the glory and pride of the people of the United States that it not only has been able in the past 30 years to put down a great rebellion and to abolish slavery, but to advance the credit of the United States to the highest rank among nations, to largely increase the currency of the country, to add enormously to any productive interests and to develop our resources of the mine, the field and the workshop to a degree unexampled in the history of nations. Intelligent people who reason and observe will not be deceived or misled by the wild fanaticism and the gloomy prophecies of Mrs. Emery. Temporary conditions growing out of the failure of any portion of our crops will not discourage them; the exaggeration of the morbid fancy will not mislead them. A candid examination of the great financial measures of the last 30 years will lead people to place what Mrs. Emery calls "the seven financial conspiracies" as the seven great and statesmanlike steps which have led the people of the United States through perils and dangers rarely encountered by any nation, from a feeble confederacy with millions of slaves and discordant theories of constitutional power, to a great, free republic made stronger by the dangers it has passed, a model and guide for the nations of the world.

As for Mrs. Emery's sensational utterances personally, I do not even deem them worthy of answer. She repeats the old story that I was interested in the First National bank, of New York, and gave it the free use of the people's money, a plain lie, contradicted and disproved over and over again. I never had the slightest interest in the bank, direct or indirect, and, as the public records will show, gave it no favors, but treated it like all other depositories of public money and held it to the most rigid accountability; nor have I in any case derived the slightest pecuniary benefit from any measure either pending in or before congress since I have been in public life. Very truly yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

HOEY'S SHORTAGE.

Indications that the Stealings of the Deposed President Will Aggregate a Pretty Figure.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—Henry Sandford, the newly elected president of the Adams Express Co., took full charge of the business of the company yesterday. From 9 a. m. until 6 he remained in the company's office. Mr. Lovejoy, the vice president, and the majority of the directors were with him the greater part of the day. They have started a thorough investigation into the affairs of the company, but will be unable to tell exactly how matters stand for several days to come. Examination thus far, it is said, has revealed irregularities, though to no great extent. Mr. Lovejoy says that misappropriations have been found other than the Sherbourne Taft deal.

He refused to give any further information as to the extent of them, but added: "There is no telling what the future may develop, and it will be some time next week before we can tell how much the vice president has taken from the company. I wish to say for the benefit of the stockholders that while the company is out a very large amount of money, I do not believe it will reach a sufficient amount to in any measure effect the value of the stock. If it were sufficient to effect the standing of the company, it would have before this become apparent, as the money was taken so long ago."

Letters are pouring into the company's office by the score by the anxious stockholders and others interested in the company.

The board of directors are not idle, and are preparing for active measures, which will be taken at their meeting on the 26th of this month.

Mr. Sanford said to-day: "There is no inclination on the part of the directors to relax any effort in the prosecuting to the extent of the law for the malfeasance against this company by its officers, and in securing all that has been wrongfully taken by these officers."

A Well-Known Author Dead.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Oct. 17.—James Parton, the well-known author and writer, died this morning after several weeks' illness.

A BIG GUN CAST FOR UNCLE SAM.

Secretary Tracy Watches the Construction of a Monster Cannon.

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, Pa., Oct. 15.—A climax or transformation scene in the armory of Uncle Sam's new navy has been witnessed by Secretary of the Navy Tracy at the Bethlehem iron works. He witnessed the forging of the greatest steel gun ever made in America. Before the secretary returned to Washington he also saw two great pieces of armor plate forged.

The gun is to be a thirteen-inch tube, forty-two feet long, and is desired for use on one of the new battleships. When the great red ingot for it was swung by a crane from the furnace and placed on the forging press the gigantic ram began beating so vigorous a tattoo upon it as to quickly elongate and render it slender and shapely like the colossal naval cannon it is to be.

DISPOSSESSED BY A YOUNG LADY.

Chief Keokuk, of the Iowas, Euchered by a Pretty Stenographer.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Oct. 16.—Miss Aggie Smith, a young lady stenographer of this city, discovered a day or two ago that Keokuk, chief of the Iowa Indians, was living on a piece of land which had not been allotted to him. She at once entered the line at the land office and last evening filed on the land. To-day she went to take possession of the land and the chief will be ejected. This claim is highly improved, has a brick house and fine barns on it and is worth over $4,000.

German Concessions to America.

CHICAGO, Oct. 14.—A Washington special dispatch says: "From all that can be learned, the German concessions on American meat and farm products will be about 30 per cent. Germany is revising its commercial treaties, and the reciprocity arrangement is that the United States will be given the same concessions that are granted favored European nations. On rye it will be given greater advantages."

It is an old-fashion notion that medicine has to taste bad to do any good.

Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil with its fish-fat taste lost—nothing is lost but the taste.

This is more than a matter of comfort. Agreeable taste is always a help to digestion. A sickening taste is always a hindrance. There is only harm in taking cod-liver oil unless you digest it. Avoid the taste.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1. 96

ALLCOCK'S

POROUS PLASTERS.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are unapproachable in curative properties, rapidity and safety of action, and are the only reliable plasters ever produced.

They have successfully stood the test of over thirty years' use by the public; their virtues have never been equaled by the unscrupulous imitators who have sought to trade upon the reputation of ALLCOCK'S by making plasters with holes in them, and claiming them to be "just as good as ALLCOCK'S."

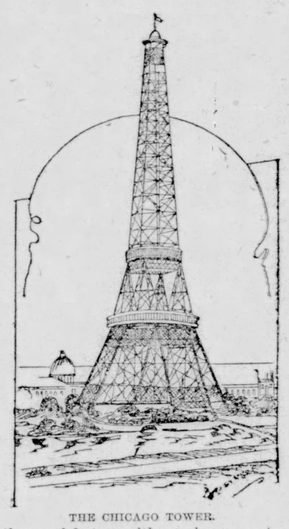
ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS stand to-day endorsed by not only the highest medical authorities, but by millions of grateful patients who have proved their efficacy as a household remedy.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

THE CHICAGO TOWER.

Arrangements Perfected for the Completion of the Monster Monument to American Genius.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—The Stars and Stripes, it was decided yesterday, are to wave 1,120 feet above the ground—higher than ever flag was waved before. It is to be done during the World's Fair from an American tower that will out-Eiffel Paris. Over 25,000 people will be accommodated in the tower at one time, and two of the many elevators are to start from the ground and run more than one



THE CHICAGO TOWER.

thousand feet up without change or stop directly to the lookout landing. The width of the tower at the foundation levle is 440 feet in each direction.

After long continued negotiations the Keystone Bridge company, of Pittsburg, one of Andrew Carnegie's concerns, has made offers in writing that are satisfactory to the promoters. It will construct the metal portion of the tower, and have it completed February 1, 1893. The company will have to pay heavy forfeits per day for any delay over that time. President Griffin expects that the tower, however, will be built by October 1, 1892, less than one year from date. In that case a bonus is exacted for the time saved.

Options have been secured on grounds immediately adjoining the World's Fair site, and arrangements made with the the World's Fair officials, if desired, so that the tower grounds shall be included under their jurisdiction. After long and careful study the designs have been completed by Engineer George S. Morrison, of this city. He estimates that the earning capacity will be nearly four times that of the Eiffel tower. The actual cost will be about $1,500,000. The cost of the Eiffel tower was a little less than $1,700,000. The difference is in the greater simplicity of the design of the American tower and the use of standard and mercantile sizes of steel.

Doubts as to the completion of the tower in the time are largely discounted by the fact that the Carnegie concerns have a capital of between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000, and employ 23,000 men. The Keystone company, the concern with which the contract is made, built the first St. Louis bridge, the bridges at Keokuk, Dububue, Kansas City, and other places. Subscriptions and pledges have been received from Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, and elsewhere.

The three landings will be circular platforms, the first 250 feet in diameter, and 200 feet from the ground. The second will be 150 feet in diameter, and 400 feet from the ground, and the upper landing, more properly called the "lantern," will be 60 feet in diameter and 1,000 feet above the ground.

At the first landing there will be a grand colonnade around the outside, 15 feet wide, and 738 feet mean circumference. On this colonnade four or five thousand people can be accommodated at one time. Inside of this colonnade will be space, in addition to the space required for elevators and machinery, sufficient to build four hotels or restaurants. In addition to the restaurants there will be provided numerous kiosks, or booths, constructed in accordance with the architecture, styles and customs of various countries, which will be used for the sale of curios, ornaments, fabrics, and other articles produced and manufactured in all lands. Within the restaurants 6,000 or 8,000 guests may be comfortably seated and served at one time. Within and about the booths and surrounding platforms 3,000 more people will have room to move about, make purchases, etc.

The second landing is designed as a grand promenade and picnic quarters in the day time, and as a dancing hall in the evening. It will accommodate at one time 5,000 to 6,000. The upper landing is to be finished as the grand lookout, will be two or three stories high and accommodate at one time 1,200 to 1,500. Above all this will be four offices for signal service and scientific investigation. Above this will be the circular electric railway, carrying electric lights at night and signals by day. Above this is the light-house, to be provided with the most powerful revolving light ever constructed, surmounted by the flag staff and the stars and stripes.

MARRIAGE OF JOSIE MANSFIELD.

The Mistress of the Late Jim Fisk Turns Up In London.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—Robert Reade, a young and popular lawyer of this city, was married in London Thursday to Josie Mansfield. Josie Mansfield, twenty years and more ago, was one of the most notorious women in America. She first came into public notice as the mistress of James Fisk, jr., and it is undeniable that to his ensnarement by her he owed his death at the hands of Edward S. Stokes.

Thousands of Fish on Dry Land.

DUBUQUE, Ia., Oct. 17.—There are thousands of dead fish along the banks of the Mississippi. The river fell suddenly, and is lower now than it has been for 20 years. The fall left a large number of fish in pools, which gradually dried up, and the fish have since died on their bed of scorching sand. This state of affairs exists for miles along the river.

Leprosy in Michigan.

LANSING, Mich., Oct. 17.—It is learned that at a meeting of the state board of health this week, a case of leprosy was reported in Michigan, but the secretary refuses to disclose where it is located or give any further particulars.

LETTER FROM MR. BLAINE.

He Writes an Ohio Editor That He is Not Opposed to the McKinley Bill.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—An Ohio editor having written Mr. Blaine that the Democratic papers were parading him as an opponent of the McKinley bill, he replies as follows:

AUGUSTA, ME., Oct. 14, 1891.

John Hopley, esq., editor of *Journal*, Bucyrus, Ohio:

MY DEAR SIR:—You inform me that the Democratic paper of your town, and many Democratic papers throughout Ohio, keep the following paragraph standing in type:

"But there is not a section or line in the entire bill (McKinley tariff), that will open a market for another bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork."—JAMES G. BLAINE to Senator Frye, July 11, 1890."

This sentence is garbled and taken from its proper connection. It creates a wrong impression. What I did say was the following:

"I do not doubt that in many respects the tariff bill pending in the Senate is a just measure, and that most of its provisions are in accordance with the wise policy of protection, but there is not a section or a line in the entire bill that will open a market for another bushel of wheat or another pound of pork."

The letter in which this paragraph occurs was written to Senator Frye on July 11, 1890, and the McKinley bill did not become a law until October 1—nearly three months thereafter. In my letter to Senator Frye I objected to the bill because it did not contain a reciprocity clause, which would provide a market for wheat and pork, for other products of the farm and for various fabrics.

Before the bill was finally passed the reciprocity clause was inserted and a large addition was made to the free list. It will, therefore, be seen, from what I said in my letter, that the objection which I made to the bill was entirely removed before the bill became a law.

Let me further say that the reciprocity clause has given ample market for many barrels of flour and of pork. Brazil, some months since, entered into a treaty by which many American articles are admitted free. Flour is made free and pork is admitted at a nominal duty. Cuba and Porto Rico have reduced the duty on flour from $5.80 to $1 (which gives us the market), besides putting nearly 100 articles of American production on the free list. San Domingo has made a reciprocity treaty with flour and pork upon the free list, besides a large number of other articles. Other treaties for reciprocity are in progress.

Germany, without negotiating a formal treaty, has removed the duty upon pork, and our government, in consideration thereof, has left her sugar on the free list. This opens to us an entirely new market, and $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 of American pork will be consumed per annum where not a pound had been taken for ten years.

The reciprocity provision is proving very successful, especially in farm products, and more particularly in the case of the articles mentioned in the paragraph quoted—flour and pork.

I am not, therefore, an opponent of the McKinley bill, as the Democratic papers of Ohio are constantly alleging. On the contrary, I have cordially supported it ever since it was perfected by the insertion of the reciprocity clause. Very respectfully yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

WE HAVE IT

Significant Interview With a Member of a Prominent Firm of Tin Plate Jobbers—The Democratic Lie Nailed.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 15.—(Special.)—Mr. Lewis A. Osborn, senior member of the firm of L. A. Osborn & Co., importers and jobbers in tin plate, one of Cleveland's most highly esteemed business men, has just returned from a business trip to Pittsburg and Demmler, Pa. In an interview published here this morning he gives the following interesting statement of facts concerning the manufacture of tin plate in this country:

"The United States Iron and Tin Plate company made a great deal of tin plate back in the '70s, but the English manufacturers put prices, and American firms were forced out of the market. It is, therefore, nothing new for the United States company to make tin plate. For nine months they have been turning out the finest quality of bright tin plate. The first few months they had two mills rolling the thin steel, but only one is in operation at present. The other has been torn down for the purpose of enlarging the plant.

"In a short time they will have four mills turning out steel plate, which will ultimately appear on the market as tin plate. The greatest part of the work in tin plate making is rolling the thin sheets of steel. The finishing requires skilled labor, of course, but that part of the process is easily done, compared with the making of the sheets.

"It is a mistake to suppose terne plate is made with less difficulty than bright tin plate. The process of rolling is precisely the same, the only difference being in the composition that is used in the dipping. The Demmler Company are building a new tinning house, in which six more pots will be in operation. President Cranemyer, of the company told me they could not supply the demand made upon them for tin plate. Next week, Wallace, Banfield & Co., of Irondale, Ohio, begin rolling black sheets themselves, but will sell to firms that have plants for doing the dipping. Fleming & Hamilton, of Pittsburg, are making terne plate of a superior quality.

"Until the American companies can supply the demand. We shall, of course, have to go to England for part of our supply. But after the industry gets fairly started here competition will be brisk, and the price is bound to come down. I have sold 200 boxes of bright tin plate from the Demmler mills since Aug. 1, and when there the other day I got them to ship me thirty-five boxes more, which was all they could possibly spare."

MAKING A BATTLESHIP OF BRICK

Work in Chicago on a Vessel That Will Never Float.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—The imitation battleship Illinois, at the naval pier, foot of Fifth-ninth street, is now rising from the water. Work is progressing satisfactorily on the hull. The deck will measure over all 350 by 70 feet. The structure is to cost $100,000 and is the most original illustration of naval architecture ever worked out. Naval Architect Grogan says that the molds to give shape to the big work for the hull are being put in place, so that the brick work can be begun next week.

"Within two weeks at the furtherest we can begin putting in the steel beams," said Architect Grogan, "for the main deck, which rests upon the brick work." This will be covered with cement, giving contour and shape to the lines of the vessel. Upon the naval pier surrounding the exhibit the flooring is all laid. Material for the Illinois is arriving every day, the construction track along the pier enabling it to be delivered right alongside the vessel."

Secretary Blaine Still Improving.

AUGUSTA, Me., Oct. 15.—It is not definitely settled when Secretary Blaine will leave for Washington. If he continues to improve in health as rapidly as since his return to his old home, he will probably leave for Washington either the last of the month or the first week in November.

BACON FOR GERMANY.

Contracts Signed for the Shipment of One Hundred Cases of the Short Clear Article.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—The first contracts that have been made since the new arrangement with Germany went into effect for pork products to go to that country are signed. They were both for 100 packages of "short clear" bacon. The first lot was contracted for by Fowler Bros. for December shipment to Bremen. The other contract calls for November shipment, and was made by Wallace & Thatcher. Prices were quoted 6¾ and 6⅞ cents a pound. Agreements were also made for sales to be executed as soon as a system of government inspection is arranged for New York.

The committee from the provision trade that went to Washington to consult with Secretary Rusk about extending the inspection to this port met with partial success, and the understanding then reached will make it possible to repack here in New York, though not to slaughter. Rusk agreed with the committee as to the justness of their demands, but told them that the appropriation at his command was insufficient to enable him to inspect the slaughtering of hogs in New York. He could, however, arrange to have the government stamp placed on meats that are repacked here. On the basis of that compromise New York dealers will have to get along as best they can until Congress comes to their aid.

LOTTERY WAR.

Circulars Mailed in Canada to Parties in the United States Can be Opened by Local Postmasters.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—In a letter addressed to the postmaster general of Canada, Postmaster General Wanamaker says the Louisiana lottery company has established an agency at Toronto, and is flooding the United States mails with its circulars in sealed envelopes, from that point. As the act of mailing, constituting the offence, does not occur within our jurisdiction, the postmaster general says, the penal clause of the law cannot apply.

As all lottery tickets and lottery circulars are held by the Treasury department to be liable to customs dues, postmasters at all United States exchange offices have been instructed to place upon mail matter which they believe to contain dutiable articles, the words "Supposed liable to customs duty." At the office of destination such matter is opened by the addressed in presence of the customs officer, and if found to contain lottery matter is forfeited to the United States. The Canadian postoffice department has heretofore stated in correspondence with the postmaster general that it would be proper, under the laws of the Dominion, to similarly stamp letters believed to contain lottery matter. Postmaster-General Wanamaker has therefore asked the Canadian postmaster-general if it would be proper to instruct the postmaster at Toronto to so stamp letters mailed there by C. J. McCollough, box 2,523, the agent of the lottery company. If that course is pursued the postmasters at United States exchange offices, he says, will make a similar endorsement on behalf of this country.

A DISGRACE TO THE COUNTRY.

Defenseless Condition of the Magnificent Harbor at San Diego.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Gen. A. McD. McCook, commanding the department of Arizona, in his annual report to the war department, speaks of the growth and progress of Southern California, and the commercial importance of the port of San Diego, which will become immeasurably greater when the Nicaragua canal shall be finished. He says that the defenseless condition of the magnificent harbor of San Diego has been and is now a disgrace to the country. He recommends that a military post be established at the front of the harbor. He also recommends that batteries for the defense of the harbor be stationed respectively at Point Loma, Ballast Point, North Island and on the Sand Spit.

He says there have been no recent disturbances among the Indians in his department, but suggests, in the interests of humanity, the abondonment of the San Carlos reservation and the removal of the Indians thereon to the East.

AMERICAN TIN FOR GEN. HARRISON.

The First Box Turned Out at Pittsburg Sent to the President.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—An express wagon pulled in under the White House portico the other morning with a flat box. Upon a tag attached to the box was an inscription stating that the box contained the first sample of American tin manufactured at Pittsburg, and that it had been pronounced by experts equal to the best turned out in Wales. Quite a knot of curious people gathered around Capt. Dinsmore as he pried open the box and disclosed its shining contents to view, and all who saw the tin plates were of the opinion expressed by the experts.

Within the last few days campaign medals made of American tin have made their appearance upon the streets of the capital. The design is an attractive one. In the center is a reduced photograph to Major McKinley, and stamped in hef metal are the words, "Protection for American industries." These medals are off-shoots from the Ohio campaign, and they are extensively worn in the Buckeye state during the present canvass for the governorship.

Export Duty on Raw Silk.

ROME, Oct. 16.—The report is confirmed that the government intend at the opening of the chamber to propose to abolish the export duty on raw silk. Although this step may reduce somewhat the revenue of the state, it is to be understood as a part of the programme to take every possible measure to aid the various industries of Italy.

Upon the abolition of this export duty, with the proposed reduction in railway freight charges and the concessions sought to be gained in the new commercial treaties, are expected to give a strong impulse to exportations. In this connection it is worthy to note that the exports of manufactured silks to the United States for the year ending June 30, 1891, show a large per cent of gain over the previous year, while raw silk fell off about 20 per cent.

The refusal of Switzerland and Servia to negotiate at Munich for a commercial alliance with the powers in the triple alliance, coupled with the apparent failure of the powers to agree with each other, has conveyed the impression in well-informed quarters that Italy will fail to obtain the concessions she demands, and without her, the proposed alliance alliance will loose all its significance.

It is, however, semi-officially denied that the negotiations have been adjourned or suspended, but that favorable conclusions are expected to be reached by the end of November. The delay is explained to be due to the fact that Italy wishes to ameliorate the present condition of her commerce, and to obtain concessions to produce that result. To accomplish this she is willing to encounter delays, especially as the existing treaties do not expire until the end of 1892. She has given precise instructions to her representatives as to the course to be pursued to attain the desired result, being governed by the principle that no economical interest should be sacrificed to the political alliances.

Must Redeem Treasury Notes.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—The assistant treasurer at Boston, having recently refused to give gold coin in exchange for a thousand dollar treasury note when requested to do do, has been informed that his action is not approved by the treasury department, inasmuch as such notes are there held to be properly redeemable in both gold or silver coin. Secretary Foster has sent the following telegram on the same subject to Representative H. Cabot Lodge:

"Treasury notes will be redeemed at any sub-treasury of the United States in gold coin. The refusal at Boston was an error on the part of the assistant treasurer, it being probably the first case in Boston where redemption in gold was asked."

INDIANS AS SOLDIERS.

A Troop of Cavalry and a Company of Infantry Enlisted—Report of General Brooke.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—Brig.-Gen. John R. Brooke, commanding the department of the Platte, in his annual report to the War department, says a troop of cavalry has been enlisted from the Brule Sioux at Rosebud agency, and a company of infantry from the Shoshones and Arapahoes at Fort Washaki. An effort to enlist a company at the Pine Ridge agency was not successful, but five Indians having been enlisted. The principal objection to the enlistment of Indians at this point came from the chiefs, and the fact that they are satisfied with their present condition and also object to serving as foot soldiers. An effort to recruit a company from the Uncompahgre and Uintah Utes also failed, and the effort to recruit Indians on the Fort Hall and Lemai reservations it is thought will prove futile.

Gen. Brooke says that the increased size of infantry companies will make it necessary to increase the size of all barracks in which Indian troops are quartered. He recommends that the Belvue rifle range, near Omaha, be secured for the rifle practice of the troops at Fort Omaha and for the competitions of next season, and in fact, until a new range can be prepared at Fort Creek, Neb. He says that reports received indicate that canteens have been successful. There are married soldiers in all our posts, says Gen. Brooke, for whose families to proper quarters are provided. This matter should be considered in the construction of all posts.

Our Indian Corn in Europe.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—Secretary Rusk is in receipt of a communication from Col. C. J. Murphy, a special agent in Europe, on behalf of the maize industry. Col. Murphy proceeded to Berlin by the secretary's instructions a short time ago, in order to take advantage of the present shortage of the cereal crops of Europe, by presenting to the attention of the German people and government the importance and value of American Indian corn as a cheap and nutritious substitute for other cereal foods. Col. Murphy writes most encouragingly, reporting his cordial reception by Minister Phelps, and the readiness of that gentleman to forward his mission, and further states that he has been able to produce bread composed in part of rye and part of corn, which has been highly commended by all those to whom samples have been submitted as a most satisfactory substitute for the ordinary rye bread in general use among certain classes in Germany, and this at a cost, based on the present price of rye flour and corn meal in Germany, less than the cost of bread made exclusively of rye flour and now retailed in that city. Should special concessions in the matter of tariff duties be secured from the German government on Indian corn the outlook for a large increase in our exports of that product to Germany would, in the opinion of Col. Murphy, be most promising.

The Case of President Boyd.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—Ex-Attorney-General Garland, of counsel for plaintiff, will next Monday file a motion in the supreme court of the United States to advance and set for hearing the case of James E. Boyd, plaintiff in error, vs. the State of Nebraska, ex rel John M. Thayer. The case comes before the supreme court on a writ of error from the Supreme court of Nebraska. It involves the right to the office of governor of the state of Nebraska, for the period of two years from the first Thursday after the first Tuesday of January, 1891. The Supreme court of Nebraska held that Boyd was not eligible to the office of governor, for which he had been elected, because he was not a citizen of the United States for two years prior to November 4, 1890.

Mr. Garland in support of his motion will argue that the Supreme court has jurisdiction in the matter. Nearly one-half of plaintiff's term of office must expire, he will say, before this cause can be finally determined, be that as early as possible and if the case is permitted to remain and "bide its time" on the docket, not only will such term wholly expire, but it is quite probable two other general elections will be held in Nebraska before this controversy is finally disposed of.

WILL BE EXCLUDED NEVERTHELESS

The Department Has No Discretion as to Chinese Immigration.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Assistant Secretary Spaulding has informed a correspondent that the treasury department has no discretion whatever in regard to the admission of Chinese into this country, and will insist on the strict enforcement of the exclusive laws as recently interpreted by the United States Supreme court, under which the only Chinamen allowed to land are those provided with credentials from their own government showing that they do not belong to the prohibited class.

HE TAMPERED WITH THE BALLOTS.

A Democratic Church Member Indicted for Certain Frauds.

DECATUR, Ill., Oct. 17.—William B. Hunter, a leading Democratic citizen and church member, has been indicted for changing ballots at the last April election in Mount Zion township, and bail was fixed at $1,000. At the election in question, at which Hunter served as a judge, receiving and marking numbers on the backs of the tickets, eighteen of the ballots were found to have been tampered with.

Hunter was the Democratic candidate for supervisor and D. C. Davidson was the Republican candidate. The peculiar and unusual marks on Davidson's name caused the eighteen tickets to be left out in the count. Hunter was elected by a majority of five. A contest followed, and the circumstantial evidence of fraud was so overwhelming that the certificate was at once issued to Davidson.

A dispatch from Paris to the London *Times* estimates that only 2 per cent of the Russian loan has been allotted to Russia.

The corporation of Kilkenny has prepared an address of welcome to Mr. O'Brien, M. P., upon the occasion of his visit to that city.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any relisble druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

OVER 700 KINDS AND SIZES FROM $10 TO $100

BE SURE YOU SEE THE TRADE MARK IMITATIONS

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES

The World's Best

WEAK, NERVOUS MEN.

YOU who have been humbugged by the "Electric Belts," "Fellow Sufferer," "Bolus," "Crayon," "Trochos," "Vacuum," "Free Cure Quacks," and who have found yourself growing older and worse; who have given up in despair, saying "*I am doomed, there is no hope for me*"; to you I say, who are sinking into an early grave, or drifting upon a shoreless sea of sickness and misfortune,

PERFECT MANHOOD RESTORED

YOU can be a PERFECT MAN! There is Hope! There is a Cure! Write me a full history of your case, and send for Question Lists. My resources are boundless, my skill is great. I have cured thousands. Forty years' experience is valuable. If you need treatment write me before taking treatment elsewhere. Consultation personally or by mail, free, confidential and sacred. Medicines sent everywhere, no matter where you are. A friendly letter may aid and direct you to Health. Delays are dangerous. Address at once,

ESTABL

ATLANTIC STORM.

A Terrific Gale Whipping up the High Seas and Lashing Rockaway Beach With Mountainous Waves.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—Waves nearly 30 feet high are lashing Rockaway Beach, blowing far into the sand and washing dwellings and boats out to sea. Many pleasure craft have been missing since Sunday and it is feared that they have been lost with all on board.

Sunday afternoon George White, Alfred Kane, Mark Thursby and Alden Little, of New York, hired two stout boats from Albert Balser. They went equipped for shark fishing. Shortly after they put out a northeast gale began blowing. With the aid of a glass Mr. Balser could see the small boats being rapidly blown out to sea. It was only a short time when the waves in the bay rose to eight and ten feet in height. Then darkness fell and no more could be seen. It was out of the question to launch a boat in such a sea.

On Monday morning the sea was angrier still. Higher and higher the waves rose and the rainfall increased. The bay was a mass of wreckage. Boats could be seen in the crests of the waves, but no living being was visible. In spite of the rain the inhabitants of the beach lined the shores as near the water's edge as was safe and strained their eyes for results of the awful storm. The wind increased in velocity until it drove all within the shelter of their own houses. Sheds were blown over and carried within reach of the waves and ground to pieces. At 3:30 in the afternoon, Mike Ketchum, a colored man, ventured from his cottage at Rockaway Inlet. He saw a small boat dashing against the beach. The wind was blowing at a 52-knot pace, and it almost carried him from his feet. Reaching the shore by a hard fight with the elements, he found it was one of the two boats Balser had let out to the four young men from New York. In it he found a hat, a broken oar, a gun, and attached to a line fastened to the boat was a young shark. It was about four feet long. Of the other boat nothing has been seen.

At 5:30 p. m. Sunday Jans Moore, accompanied by a crew of three, left the old mill at Carnarsie aboard of a two-masted schooner bound for Baltimore. Coming out of North Channel the storm struck her. The waves washed over the deck and flooded the hold. The three young men with him were swept off the deck while trying to take in sail. The old man clung to a mast and was saved.

Sunday afternoon Charles P. Frey let out a catboat and six small boats at Holland's station up the beach. The catboat carried a fishing party of five men and the small boats eleven men. They went up the bay towards the inlet. Nothing has been seen of them since. It is thought the storm carried them out to sea as they were too far down to be washed upon the meadow lands.

A FURIOUS GALE IN OLD ENGLAND.

Vast Amount of Damage to Shipping and Inland Property.

LONDON, Oct. 14.—The furious gale which has been raging all over England, Ireland and the south of Scotland for over 24 hours, and which has already caused a vast amount of damage about the seaside towns, and which has wrecked a large number of vessels, continues today in all its intensity.

In the cities and large towns chimneys and tiles were carried everywhere from the roofs of private dwellings, and outhouses of wood crashed down as if built of cards. Pedestrianism, during the height of the storm, was utterly impossible, and the traffic by railroad or water was almost brought to a complete standstill.

At Folkestone, one of the great landing places for the trans-channel steamers, throughout the night the sea swept the great pier with immense waves, carrying away all the lighter portions of the structure and threatening to wash away its most powerful supports. The lighthouse at its extremity was

Deluged by the Angry Waters,

and it was even feared that it might be swept from its foundations. The channel passenger boats were unable to cross last night, and to those who knew the weather these vessels venture out in, this gives some idea of the severity of the storm which prevailed.

To-day the storm is raging very heavily and is still doing much damage. At Helensburg, a watering place on the Firth of Clyde, the fishing and other boats which had been drawn high up on the beach at the first approach of the gale, were carried along by the furious waves, which poured into the streets,

Flooding the Houses

and driving the inmates from their homes, many escaping through the windows, so little warning was given of the inundation.

Two passenger trains running between Glasgow and Helensburg were brought to a standstill, to the intense alarm of the passengers, by the waves, which washed over and threatened to demolish the tracks. The fires on the locomotives were extinguished, thus completely stopping the trains and placing the lives of the passengers in peril. Escape from the cars was impossible and all attempts made up to the present to reach the travelers have failed.

From all sections comes reports of damage done and lives endangered. The country roads are strewn with and blocked by fallen trees,

Twisted Telegraph Wires

and broken telegraph poles. It is impossible as yet to give even an approximate idea of the damage done on land and sea, or of the lives lost. Instances of the furious work of the gale are constantly being recorded.

EXCEEDS A HUNDRED THOUSAND.

The Shortage of Auditor Lavelle Assuming Monumental Proportions.

WASHINGTON, Ind., Oct. 19.—Nothing new has developed in the arrest of the court house conspirators. Lavelle and Hawes have failed to give bond, and are still in jail. Their trial has been set for November 3. The package of dynamite said to have been sent to Auditor Lavelle turns out to be bicarbonite of lime, ordered for a laundry here owned by Lavelle.

The people have quieted down, and there is no danger of a mob. Michael Lavelle, brother of the auditor, has not yet been arrested. Circumstances all point to the guilt of the parties. Auditor Lavelle's shortage is not yet known, but it is thought it will be from $100,000 to $150,000.

W. C. T. U. DELEGATES POISONED.

Nearly 100 Taken Seriously Ill at the Bradford, Pa., Convention.

BRADFORD, Pa., Oct. 17.—Nearly 100 delegates to the W. C. T. U. state convention were poisoned yesterday afternoon by something they ate or drank at a dinner in Armory hall, tendered the delegates by the McKean county organization. Shortly after the afternoon session was called to order, a large number of delegates fell violently ill, and in half an hour at least 75 were lying limp in their seats or on the floor, all vomiting and extremely sick.

SUIT INSTITUTED AGAINST HOEY

The Adams Express Company Wants to Recover a Half Million.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—Judge Patterson, of the Supreme court, to-day, upon the application of Henry Sanford, president of the Adams Express company, granted an attachment against the property of John Hoey, the deposed president of the company, in a suit to recover over half a million dollars.

The attachment is granted on the ground of non-residence, Mr. Hoey's home being at Hollywood, N. J. The attachment was at once handed to Deputy Sheriff Strauss.

ABANDONING STRICT CALVINISM.

Report of a Special Committee of the Milwaukee Presbytery.

RACINE, Wis., Oct. 15.—At a special meeting of the Milwaukee presbytery held yesterday afternoon, the committee on revision of the creed reported changes, going considerably further in the direction of abandoning strict Calvinism than the report of the general assembly's committee. Especially does the report favor the omission of all reference to the election of infants, and makes more emphatic the abandonment of the doctrine of preterition.

FREE MAIL DELIVERY.

An Organized Effort Among Farmers to Secure Important Concessions From the Next Congress.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—An organized effort is under way among farmers to secure from Congress free mail delivery in country towns. The Farmers' Alliance, Patrons of Husbandry and other orders are assisting in the matter. Petitions to Congress for free delivery are being circulated in many parts of the country. Farmers assert that a daily mail delivery at their door will add perceptibly to the money value of their farms and will be worth still more because it will keep them in touch with the markets and the outside world and rob farm life of its isolation and monotony.

In the *American Agriculturist* for November, Postmaster General Wanamaker states definitely for the first time that the experiment made by the Post-office department for free delivery in farming districts, shows that the increase of revenue more than pays all the increased expense. He believed that universal free delivery would therefore be self-sustaining. Mr. Wanamaker's article also contains this statement of the case:

"While the postal service keeps pace with the growth of the towns, the farmers, quarrymen, blacksmiths, millers and artisans, all paying the regulation rates of postage, are left to get their mail as best they can from the postoffice in the village or at the railway station.

"In a hamlet of 100 houses, perhaps 60 persons from the village and vicinage make a daily pilgrimage of a distance of from one block to two miles from their home to the postoffice, to find out whether there is any mail or not; and a hundred more persons within the circle of the office do not find it convenient to go to the postoffice oftener than once a week. One hundred or more persons each day, in all weathers, are making trips to the post-office, often at great personal inconvenience and discomfort, when a single carrier could once or twice each day make the round of the village and distribute the mail, and save the hundreds a daily unnecessary tramp, collecting at the same time from the letter boxes, located at the street corners, the mail to be forwarded. Newspapers brought every day to the door of the farmer and workingman who has no one to go to the post-office for it, would find a thankful subscriber and light a new lamp in the household."

DEATH OF MRS. THURMAN.

She Passes Quietly Away Saturday Afternoon Surrounded by Her Husband, Son and Daughter.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 19.—Mrs. Thurman, the wife of Judge Allen G. Thurman, died at 4 p. m. Saturday.

The only persons present at the death scene of Mrs. Thurman were her husband, Allen W. Thurman, Mrs. Governor McCormick, of New York, a daughter, and Miss Nina Thurman, Allen W. Thurman's oldest daughter. Mr. Angus Dun, of London, O., a nephew, had just left the residence, and Allen W. returned to the room and found his mother dying. She was unconscious, and had been in the condition for 48 hours. The scene was an affecting one, but Judge Thurman bore up much better under the ordeal than it was thought he would. He was grateful that his aged partner should be permitted to die in so peaceful and painless a manner.

Mrs. Thurman was universally loved. A great point in her character was her remarkable benevolence. She was continually caring for the sick and needy, and was always found ready to contribute to a worthy cause. She never identified herself with any church, but was a church-going woman and always engaged in charity work.

Mrs. Thurman was born in Chillicothe, in 1811, and her maiden name was Mary Dun. Her father, Walter Dun, was a wealthy land owner and merchant at that place. While Mary was yet a young lady her father moved to Lexington, Ky. Here she married Mr. Tompkins, but he died after a few years, leaving one daughter, Nancy.

She was married to Judge Thurman in November, 1844, and has been his almost constant companion and helpmate since, during his long professional and public career. Judge Thurman is much enfeebled and broken down, and it is the opinion of those who know him best and understand his condition, that he will not long survive the death of his wife.

The funeral took place from the residence, on East Rich street, at 2 o'clock on Tuesday, and was private.

THE REGION ABOUT MT. ST. ELIAS.

Return of Professor Russell's Expedition From Alaska.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Oct. 20.—Professor Isaac C. Russell, who was sent by the United States government and the National Geographical society to explore the region about Mount St. Elias, has arrived here. He left in June for Alaska, and went to Icy Bay on the United States revenue cutter Bear. His party consisted of T. P. Stainey, Neil McCarthy, J. H. Crumback, Frank S. Wainer and Thomas White. White was drowned by the upsetting of the boat, otherwise the expedition was complete.

They ascended the Mt. Elias on the north side, reaching an elevation of fourteen thousand five hundred feet when they were turned back by clouds and a severe snow storm. From observations the mountain is between 18,000 and 19,000 feet high. The party then explored the coast from Icy bay to Disenchantment bay, a distance of about 100 miles, and also the glaciers.

ASSASSINATED BY THE MAFIA.

An Italian Lugger in New Orleans Riddled with Bullets.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 17.—Gaetono Barregona, an Italian lugger owner, was assassinated last night. The affair bears all the marks of the Mafia. There was a jolly game of cards at an Italian saloon near the French market. A quarrel, a stampede, and as the victim reached the door he was riddled with bullets. The police have arrested the proprietor of the place and several others, but there is no positive proof as to who did the shooting. It is a curious fact that the Mafia is heard of exactly a year after Chief Hennessey's death.

A WAR ON SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS.

The Sabbatarian Society to Tackle the Pittsburg Papers.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 15.—The Sabbatarian society has decided to inaugurate a war on Sunday newspapers. Capt. Wishart, president of the Law and and Order society, will have charge of the movement and on next Saturday night will arrest all editors, reporters, compositors and pressmen found working after midnight. If the papers are published on Sunday morning the cabmen and newsboys will also be arrested. It is the intention also to arrest the newspaper men if they begin work on Sunday night before 12 o'clock.

$100,000 for a Stallion.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—St. Blaize, the king of stallions, who belonged to the late August Belmont, was sold at auction Saturday night and brought a sensational price. The bay horse knocked down to Mr. Charles Reed, of Fairview farm, Kentucky, for $100,000. A chestnut colt by St. Blaize, out of Lady Primrose, foaled April 29, 1890, also brought a surprising price. He was bought by Jacob Ruphert, the well known New York brewer for $30,000.

American Pork for Italy.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—President Louis Contenince, of the Italian chamber of commerce, has received a cablegram from the Italian cabinet ministry at Rome, stating that it had unanimously decided to abolish the decree against American pork. A proclamation will be issued to that effect by the Italian government.

Balfour Appointed.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—It is officially announced that the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, member of parliament for East Manchester, and at present the chief secretary for Ireland, has been appointed first lord of the treasury. It is reported that Mr. Balfour will retain his position as the chief secretary of Ireland.

1,479,729,400.

The Human Race Increasing at the Rate of 5,750,000 a Year —Some Countries Are Overcrowded.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—An announcement of interest to statisticians of the world comes from the little city of Gotha in Germany. It is to the effect that the famous publishing house of Justus Perthes, widely known for its "Almanach de Gotha" and its numerous geographical publications, has this year resumed the publication of the "Bevoelkerung Der Erde," with Dr. Wagner's name on the title page as chief editor and with that of Dr. Supan as his associate.

The total figures given indicate an apparent increase of 125,000,000 since 1880. But allowing for the change made in the figures of China on the strength of more careful investigation, this increase is reduced to 79,000,000.

According to this work the area of Asia, the largest of the great divisions of the earth's surface, is 17,530,686 square miles, and its population is 825,954,000, or 47 inhabitants to the square mile. These figures do not include the Arctic Islands. The second grand division in area is America, including both the northern and Southern continents, but not including the Arctic regions. Its area is 14,801,402 and its population 121,718,000, or only eight to the square mile. Third in area is Africa, with 11,277,364 square miles and 193,953,000 inhabitants, or fourteen to the square mile, none of these figures including Madagascar or other islands. The area of Europe is put at 3,758,830 square miles and its population at 357,379,000, or ninety-four to the square mile, these figures not including Iceland or Nova Zembla. Next comes Australia, including Tasmania, with 2,991,442 square miles and 3,230,000 population, or only about one to the square mile.

Under the head of polar regions are included 1,730,810 square miles, with 80,400 inhabitants. Finally, the islands of the oceans are grouped together, with 733,120 square miles of area and 7,420,000 inhabitants, or about ten to the square mile.

In the figures for America the results of the census of 1890 in the United States are given. Some corrections of areas of various South American states appear.

The most densely populated country of Europe is Belgium, with 530 persons to the square mile. England comes next with 489, though the United Kingdom as a whole has only 312. Holland has 365. The most sparsely populated countries are Norway and Finland, where there are only sixteen people to the square mile.

BEATS THE TELEPHONE.

Remarkable Machine by Which Written Messages Are Reproduced by Telegraph in Fac Simile.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—The Writing Telegraph company, of Baltimore—Arthur Steuart, president; C. P. Laurenson, secretary—have now on exhibition at No. 228 East German street, Baltimore, and at the rooms of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' association, their writing telegraph instruments, showing the method and apparatus by which a business man can write a letter, sign a check, or transact any other business at any distance from his office. In using the instrument the message is written on ordinary paper with ordinary ink in the handwriting of the person sending the message, and is received at the other end of the line, no matter what the distance may be, written in the same way, in exact fac-simile of the handwriting of the sender. A positive record is thus made at both ends of the line of any message which may be sent.

The company propose to establish an exchange system similar to the telephone exchange system and to rent their instruments to subscribers for $50 a year. Any number of instruments may be located upon a single line, and everything written on one instrument will be re-written automatically on all the others simultaneously. This feature could be used for reporting news, quotations, and for delivering duplicate orders from the same place at the same time. It is proposed to organize a press association in Baltimore to divide the city into districts and locate a reporter in each district, who will gather all the news for that district. He is to write it upon his instrument, and it is to be simultaneously received in all the newspaper offices.

IN HONOR OF THE LATE MRS. HAYES

Dedication of a Bible College for Home and Foreign Missionaries.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—The Lucy Webb Hayes Deaconness's Home and Bible College for home and foreign missionaries, was dedicated here Saturday afternoon, in the presence of an audience as distinguished as it was large, there being present some of the well-known bishops of the Methodist church on this side of the water, and some of the eminent divines from the other side.

Dr. Street, chairman of the building committee, made a brief address, stating what had been done in the way of improvements, and concluding by turning the home over to Mrs. Rust, of Cincinnati, as a representative of the Women's Home Missionary society.

The work of the home is national in character, and was erected under the auspices of the Woman's Home Missionary society of the M. E. church. The work was put under the supervision of a conference board of nine, appointed by the Baltimore conference. The board of directors are: Mrs. H. M. Teller, president; Mrs. L. T. Tulloch, vice president; Miss Marion E. Fowler, recording secretary; Mrs. C. P. Roach, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. A. C. McDowell, treasurer.

The course of study will be systematic and complete, and will cover a period of two years.

CASES IN THE SUPREME COURT.

Appeal on Behalf of New York Murderderers Sentenced to Be Executed.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—The United States Supreme court to-day advanced and assigned for argument the first Monday in December the cases of the two murderers to be executed in New York by means of electricity. The two men are Nicola Trezzia and James McElvaine. The former was sentenced to murder of a fellow-Italian named Salvano, and the latter for the murder of a Brooklyn grocer named Lucia.

The court advance the cases of the anarchists, Fielden and Schwab, who are now in the penitentiary in Illinois for complicity in the famous Haymarket riot in Chicago. The cases of the anarchists will come up for hearing immediately after the conclusion of argument in the New York electrocution cases.

GEN. ALGER IS VERY SANGUINE.

He Thinks the Republicans Will Carry New York, Ohio and Iowa.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—"There's nothing certain in the matter of elections," said Gen. Russell A. Alger, in an interview, "but I am of opinion that the Republicans are going to make a clean sweep in New York this time. The exposure of the corrupt colonization frauds that the Democrats in that city were trying to perpetrate will cost the opposition thousands of votes, and in all likelihood will result in Mr. Fassett's election. The honest sentiment of the states is against the vicious domination of Tammany Hall. The outlook is bright also in Ohio and Massachusetts and Iowa."

WAR ON IMPORTED DETECTIVES.

The West Virginia Coal Miners Have Several of Them Arrested.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 17.—A Tri-State News Bureau special from Charleston, W. Va., says: The West Virginia coal miners under the leadership of M. F. Moran, district president of district No. 17, have at last determined upon a course of action regarding the detectives on guard at the Raymond City Marmot mines, brought there from Cincinnati by the Hazen detective agency.

Yesterday seventeen of the detectives were arrested charged with being members of an armed body invading the state in violation of the law. They were released on bail, but were at once rearrested on the charge of carrying concealed weapons. Ex-Governor Wilson is counsel for the miners and the hearing of detectives will take place Monday.

CONSTITUTIONAL.

Says the Ohio Supreme Court Concerning the New Australian Ballot Law.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 20.—(Special.)—The Supreme court to-day announced its decision in the suit instituted by Judge J. H. Thompson, of Hillsboro, testing the constitutionality of the Australian ballot law. The court refuses the writ of mandamus and holds, thereby, that the law is constitutional. The grounds on which the decision is based have not been given out.

ALBERT EDWARD SNUBBED.

The London Aldermen Refuse to Appropriate Money to Celebrate His 50th Birthday.

LONDON, Oct. 20.—The birthday of the Prince of Wales, November 9, falls this year upon Lord Mayor's day, and the conjunction of the two occasions inspired certain loyalists to arrange a big celebration in honor of the Prince and have the expense borne by the city of London along with that of the mayor's show. The fact that the present Prince of Wales is the first of those holding that title to reach his 50th year without having attained the throne was to have been utilized as an additional reason for making the event notable. But the idea has been abandoned, and it is just beginning to be learned why it was not decided to carry it out. It seems that the lord mayor called a meeting of the aldermen to discuss the subject, and supposed there would be no objection, but some democratic spirits not only opposed the scheme but used strong language in doing so.

There was quite a scene, and the references to the prince were such as to impress the originators of the idea as disloyal. It became evident that there would be a strenuous opposition to the granting of money for such a celebration as the one suggested, and the meeting was suddenly dissolved. Efforts were made to keep the proceedings from the press and they have been successful; but the facts have been made a matter of gossip in the clubs, and the occurrence is cited as an illustration of the falling off in the spirit of unreasoning devotion to royalty which not long since prevailed.

WAVE-BATTERED.

Great Damage to Shipping in the English Harbors—Dutch War Vessel in Collision.

LONDON, Oct. 16.—Twice during the past forty-eight hours has the fierce storm abated in fury, only to be renewed with increased force. This morning's dispatches announce that the gale is blowing with greater severity that before in the Irish sea. Many of the storm-beaten, wave-battered vessels which, during the past two days, succeeded in making some harbor of refuge, hoping to repair damages preparatory to resuming their voyages, are now reported to be laboring so heavily under the force of the renewed gale that they are dragging their anchors and fouling and damaging each other, and that a number of them are in danger of going ashore.

A telegram from Portland says that a Dutch man-of-war has been in collision off Portland Bill, the rocky promontory upon which stand two well known lighthouses 198 feet above the level of the sea. The vessel which the war ship collided with is the British bark Mysterious Star, 387 tons, Captain D. Jenkins, of Sunderland, and belonging to The Davies. Both vessels are greatly damaged.

Passenger Steamers in Collision.

TOULON, Oct. 16.—Two small steamers, each crowded with about 200 passengers, came into collision in the harbor this morning. The shock caused a terrible scene of panic and exitement among the passengers, several of whom were thrown into the sea by the violence of the colision, and were with difficulty rescued from drowning. Both steamers were badly damaged, and were only kept afloat long enough to enable the passengers to reach the shore in safety. The captains of the steamers blame each other for the accident. An official investigation is in progress.

WILL JAUNT AROUND THE WORLD.

Evangelists Moody and Sankey Will Circle the Globe.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—Moody and Sankey, the evangelists, will sail from this city Thursday for Scotland, from which country they will start together for a trip around the world. This is a long-talked-of journey, which, until recently, Mr. Moody intended making alone. On his return from Chicago to this city he met Mr. Sankey and persuaded him to accompany him to the Holy Land. They will probably be absent from this country about eighteen months.

The object of the trip is to gain rest and a firmly seated desire to see the eastern lands and the country written about in the books they have spent their lives studying and expounding. Upon arriving at Scotland the evangelists will hold a series of meetings as of old, after which they will start immediately for the east. Mr. Sankey will not take his family with him, but Mr. Moody will be accompanied as far as Paris by his wife and daughter.

FOUND HER INTENDED A CORPSE.

Sad Experience of Mrs. Sarah Ray on a Steamer.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 17.—A handsome, dark-eyed young woman was the first person to board the steamship Alleghany when it arrived the other morning from Savannah. She hurried up to one of the officers and inquired for Nicholas Weatherstone. The officer went to his stateroom and rapped loudly, but there was no response. Pushing open the door, he found Weatherstone dead in his berth.

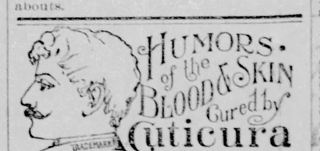
The young woman was waiting in the saloon. When the news was broken to the young woman she fainted. When she recovered she said her name was Mrs. Sarah Ray, a widow, who had come a long distance to meet a dear friend. Subsequently it was learned that the couple were to have been married shortly. Weatherstone's home was in Toronto, Canada. He had been spending some months in Florida for his health.

ANGRY MINERS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

A Manager Skips Out With the Pay of the Men in His Inside Pocket.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 20.—A *Dispatch* special from Webster, Pa., says: The Molsberger mines, which were the first to pay the advance to the miners, have closed down again on account of the mysterious disappearance of Manager Winabert Molsberger.

The men are three weeks in arrears in wages, and Molsberger went to Pittsburg last Saturday to get the money to pay them. He has not returned, and today the mines were closed down. The amount due the men is about $2,000. The miners are greatly excited and this afternoon gathered about the company's store, but it was closed, and nothing could be learned of Molsberger's whereabouts.



HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Blood and Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Backache, kidney pains, weakness and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

THE REGION ABOUT MT. ST. ELIAS.

Return of Professor Russell's Expedition From Alaska.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Oct. 20.—Professor Isaac C. Russell, who was sent by the United States government and the National Geographical society to explore the region about Mount St. Elias, has arrived here. He left in June for Alaska, and went to Icy Bay on the United States revenue cutter Bear. His party consisted of T. P. Stainey, Neil McCarthy, J. H. Crumback, Frank S. Wainer and Thomas White. White was drowned by the upsetting of the boat, otherwise the expedition was complete.

They ascended the Mt. Elias on the north side, reaching an elevation of fourteen thousand five hundred feet when they were turned back by clouds and a severe snow storm. From observations the mountain is between 18,000 and 19,000 feet high. The party then explored the coast from Icy bay to Disenchantment bay, a distance of about 100 miles, and also the glaciers.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE

THEY WANT OUR FLOUR.

An Extraordinary Demand From France and England for the Genuine American Article in Barrels.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—Advices from the other side of the Atlantic are almost uniformly bullish with regard to the future value of wheat. A feature of the trade here which does not usually appear in the daily reviews of the market, and the full scope of which is not covered by the published figures of the movement of the crops, is the extraordinary demand from England, and even from France for American flour. It does not fully show in the immediate exports, for the reason that those take no note of the immense purchases of flour which have been made by the foreigners for future shipment. The agent of one of the two big amalgamated milling concerns at Minneapolis says they are getting large orders from England for their patents at prices which leave them a good milling profit, and as for baker and lower grades, their entire milling capacity up to next January is already sold, and if they were willing to accept further orders at present prices they could dispose of their entire output up to next June. The buying of patents to go abroad in anything approaching the present volume was never before experienced.

A Paris flour merchant, writing under date of October 1, says that American flour is preferred there by bakers, and can be laid down there at such rates that it does not pay to import the wheat for milling. The result has been that wheat bought in this country for future delivery has been resold. The writer expects higher prices for wheat, even if Russia does not prohibit exports, though the latter is anticipated.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION

Of Natural Gas in Pittsburg—Two Persons Fatally Injured and One Building Wrecked.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 20.—An explosion of natural gas in the cellar of the building occupied by George W. Snaman, carpet dealer, No. 123 Federal street, Allegheny, at 11 o'clock this morning, badly damaged the building and dangerously injured Mr. Snaman and F. J. Hillert, an employe of the Philadelphia Natural Gas company. Mr. Snaman was frightfully burned, and will probably die.

The building took fire, as did also several frame dwellings in the rear. The frame buildings were saved, but the Snaman building is a total wreck. The loss will reach $75,000, fully covered by insurance. Five persons were injured instead of two, as at first reported. Their names were George W. Snaman, F. G. Hillard, Ella Agy, Mrs. Gibson, W. T. Taft.

Hilliard will die, and Snaman is in a dangerous condition. Ella Agy was on the fourth floor when the explosion occurred, and the flames spread so rapidly that she was badly burned in escaping from the building. The concussion was terrific, wrecking the lower floors of the structure and breaking windows a block away.

Mrs. Gibson was walking on the opposite side of the street and was forcibly thrown to the pavement. Her injuries are not serious. W. T. Taff, who lives in Pine alley, 200 feet distant, was sleeping in bed at the time. He was blown from the bed, sustaining painful bruises. The explosion created intense excitement and the fire spread so rapidly that for a time it was feared the entire block would go.

The gas had been escaping for several days and Hillert was hunting for the leak when the explosion occurred. The Snaman structure is four stories high, and built of iron and brick.

THE TERRITORY OF NEW MEXICO.

Gov. Prince Insists That it is Entitled to Statehood.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—In his annual report to the secretary of the interior, Gov. L. Bradford Prince, of the territory of New Mexico, refers at length to the beneficial results which he thinks will accrue from the settlement of the disputed Spanish and Mexican land claims by the court of private land claims recently organized.

The governor insists that from any point of view, New Mexico is entitled to statehood. The recent defeat of the constitution formulated by the constitutional convention of 1889, he argues, does not indicate a disinclination on the part of the people to assume the condition of statehood. He ascribes its defeat to the alienation of the bulk of the Democratic party from its support, the leaders of that party regarding as unjust the apportionment of delegates in the constitutional convention as fixed by the legislative act providing for it.

HE WAS RUNNING AN ILLICIT STILL.

A New York Farmer Captured While Making Apple Brandy.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—William Rowley and his two brothers, one of them a professor of law in one of this city's colleges, own a fine homestead on the Hudson. They have been in possession of this property many years, making wine and cider. Internal revenue officers on Monday evening found William Rowley in a little still in the cellar of the house, and the still in full blast, grinding out apple brandy. A few gallons of brandy were also found in the cellar. Rowley claimed he was making the brandy for his sick brother, but he was arrested nevertheless. Rowley waived examination, and was released in $2,000 bail to await the action of the grand jury.

NEARLY STRANGLED A STUDENT.

Hanover College Hazers Drag a Companion About with a Rope.

HANOVER, Ind., Oct. 17.—An attempt was made by a party of students a night or two ago to revive the custom of hazing at Hanover college. At a reception given the freshmen at the residence of the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, a member of the class whose home is in Madison, and who is said to have made himself obnoxious to the seniors, was caught by a number of the latter and very nearly strangled with a rope which was placed aroung his neck, and by means of which he was dragged a considerable distance before being enabled to free himself.

The young man's neck was badly lacerated. The affair has created a sensation, and it was to-day reported that detectives had been employed to ferret out the offenders, who are to be prosecuted.

Death of Rev. Father Wuyts.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 14.—The Rev. Father Francis Wuyts, ecclesiastical superior of the Lorettoans, died at 3 o'clock this morning at Loretto convent in Marion county. Father Wuyts was a native of Belgium, and the early years of his life were spent there. He arrived in America in 1853 and came to Kentucky, being sent to Loretto. From that place he had charge of the Holy Cross, Chicago, and St. Vincent's congregations in Marion, Washington and Nelson counties, always keeping his residence at the convent. He was a man of profound learning. At the time of his death he was 66 years old.

General Steele not Appointed.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—(Special.)—The President stated this morning that he had not appointed General Steele commissioner of Pensions or requested the resignation of Mr. Raum and didn't know what his course will be in the matter.

Has Resigned His Portfolio.

BUENOS AYRES, Oct. 20.—Dr. Vicente F. Lopez, the minister of finance, has resigned his portfolio.

The Argentine government has dismissed Senor Aldino, who was until now its vice consul at Southampton. This action was taken owing to local complaints against the official.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—Gold steadily flows into this country from Europe, the last week's figures being nearly five million dollars. This golden stream has had a noteworthy effect on the money market at New York, and offerings were decidedly more free last week. This easy condition is favored by a decreased demand from the interior of the country. The Western call is lighter and the principal demand is from the South. Money on call loaned from 5 down to 3 per cent closing on Saturday at 4½ per cent. Time money was in excellent supply, and loaned freely at reduced rates—the figures being 4@4½ per cent for 30 to 60 days, and 5@5½ per cent for 3 to 6 months. The leading event in European finances was the taking of the new Russian loan by a syndicate of Paris bankers—though the subscriptions were not so large as was expected. The open market rate in Paris was 2¾ per cent, Berlin 3¾, and Frankfort 3¾. Discounts of 30 to 90-day bank bills in London, 2¾ per cent.

STOCKS.—The stock market was utterly inactive till the close, when a rally set in. The inaction and dullness was due to a reaction, pertectly natural in itself, from the late boom in prices. The underlying strength of the stock market was forcibly shown by the desperate but ineffectual efforts of the bear element to depress prices; but the conditions are so absolutely sound that they failed completely. We may look for short rallies followed by corresponding declines until the situation develops more clearly. The railroad situation is the main cause for anticipating a waiting market. There is a lull in grain transportation as compared with September, and a consequent decline in railway earnings; and many roads evince a desire to seize the opportunity which the heavy earnings this year gives them to add largely to their equipment, and to improve their road-beds. This will prevent any increase of dividends for a time, the increased revenues being absorbed in these improvements; and this will, of course, influence the price of their stocks in the market.

SILVER.—The market for silver was extremely dull last week, with only slight changes in price. The most important item of news for the week is the marketing of a large block of silver bullion, estimated at 8,000,000 ounces, held for foreign owners for speculation in New York, has been marketed. The foreign owners got tired of holding on for a rise which never came, and let go. The amount of bullion held against certificates in New York is now only 3,897,000 ounces. Silver closed in New York on Saturday at 96¼ cents per ounce, at which rate the silver in the standard dollar is worth 74⅝ cents.

DUN'S WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

Business Improving—Confidence in the Future Unabated.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade says: Business throughout the west and south is strong and improving. At eastern centers there is less satistaction, the expected results from the harvesting of large crops are more slowly realized. Yet the volume of all trade is as largs as it ever has been, and for October may even surpass the unprecedented record of last year. The prevailing confidence in the future of business continues unabated, and is seen even in some branches which complain most of dull trade at present.

The iron industry illustrates these contradictory conditions. The output of furnaces in blast Oct. 1 was 181,615 tons weekly, yet this enormous production is marvelously absorbed. The demand for use in producing all kinds of farm machinery and implements is far greater than it has been in any previous year, and the quantity of iron thus used is enormous.

Reports from other cities are almost uniformly encouraging. At Pittsburg the demand for manufactured iron, and especially for structural, is improving, but the coal strike continues. At Cleveland trade exceeds last year's considerably. At Chicago the clothing and dry goods trades are active, and the movement of farm products large.

Speculation has not been very heavy, though corn and oats are sustained in the face of great crops, and wheat is a shade higher. Cotton is ⅛c lower. Pork products are lower. The supplies of money are ample here and at all western centers. Foreign trade, though smaller than a year ago, when the movement was extraordinary, is nevertheless larger than in previous years, and the heavy exports of breadstuffs promise further reinforcements of gold from Europe.

The business failures throughout the country during the last seven days number 250, as compared with a total of 270 for last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 227.

THE IMPORTS OF GOLD CONTINUE.

Over $18,000,000 Received from Europe Since September 12.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—In addition to the gold receipts mentioned yesterday, there have been received from the steamers then in port $800,000. The Aller arrived this morning and brought $250,000 more. The total received from Europe up to date, is therefore, almost exactly $18,100,000. At least $1,000,000 of this week's receipts was not known to have been ordered, and it was reported to-day that other unannounced consignments of gold were afloat.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, { Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1891.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	Oct. 20.	Oct. 13.
U. S. 4's registered	110¾	110¾
U. S. 4's coupons	110¾	110¾
U. S. 2's	100	100
Pac. 6's of '95	111	111

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, increase	$ 2,350,225
Loans, increase	2,502,000
Specie, increase	1,135,100
Legal tenders, decrease	1,275,800
Deposits, increase	8,388,300
Circulation, decrease	52,600

The banks now hold $6,028,700 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

The Close at Toledo.

This afternoon there was a very active market for both cash and future delivery wheat. Prices closed weak and lower.

No. 1 red wheat, cash, 96½c; less price to close, 1½c under yesterday's price; No. 3 soft red, 94½c; No. 4 soft red, 90c; No. 2 white, 95c; No. 1 white, 96½c.

October wheat, 96@96¾c; early; worth at 96¾@97 at the close; December wheat, 100½c, and finally 98½,